YANK

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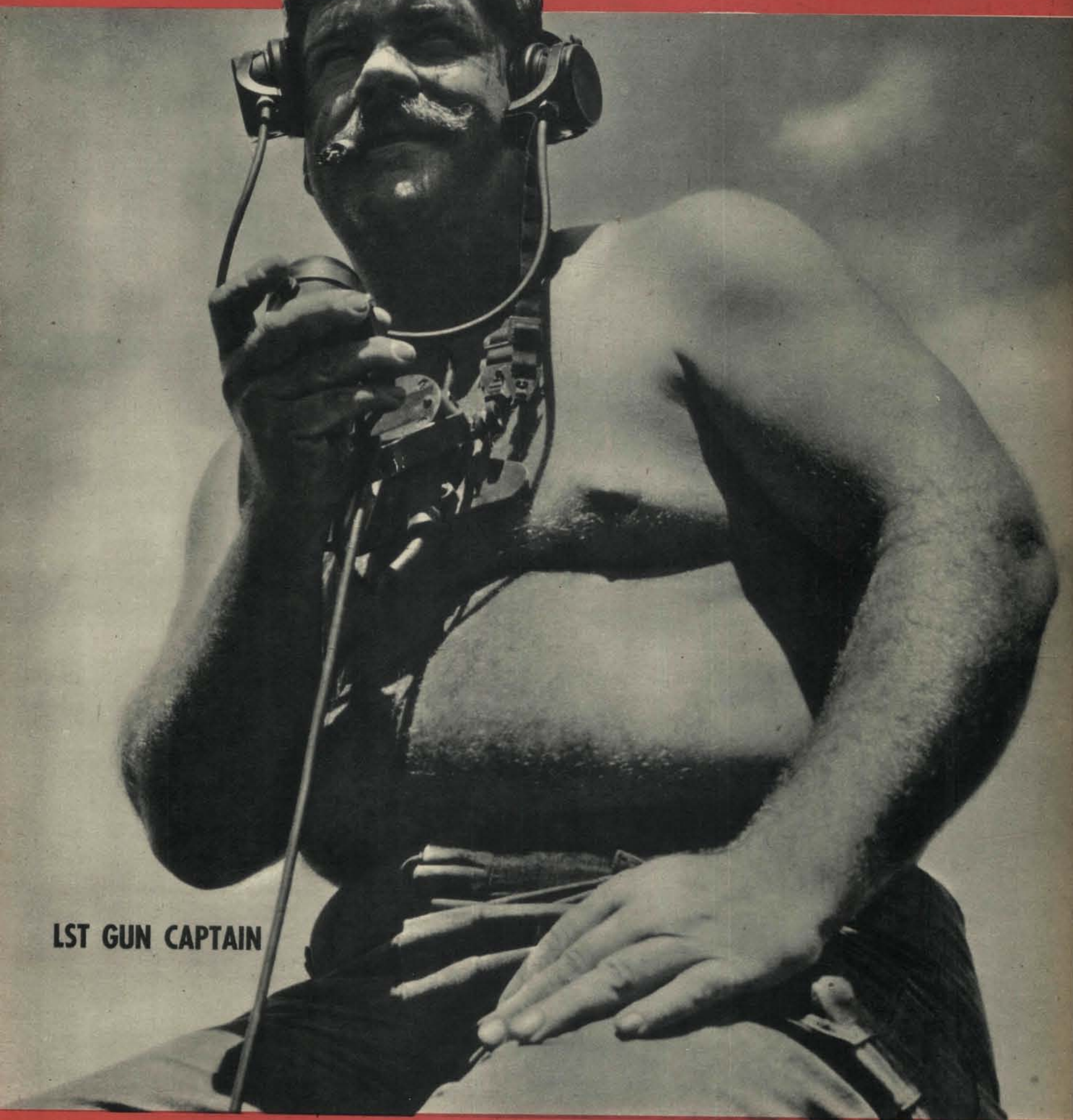
By the men . . for the men in the service



1ST GUN CAPTAIN

A Day With the Supply Men on the Italian Front

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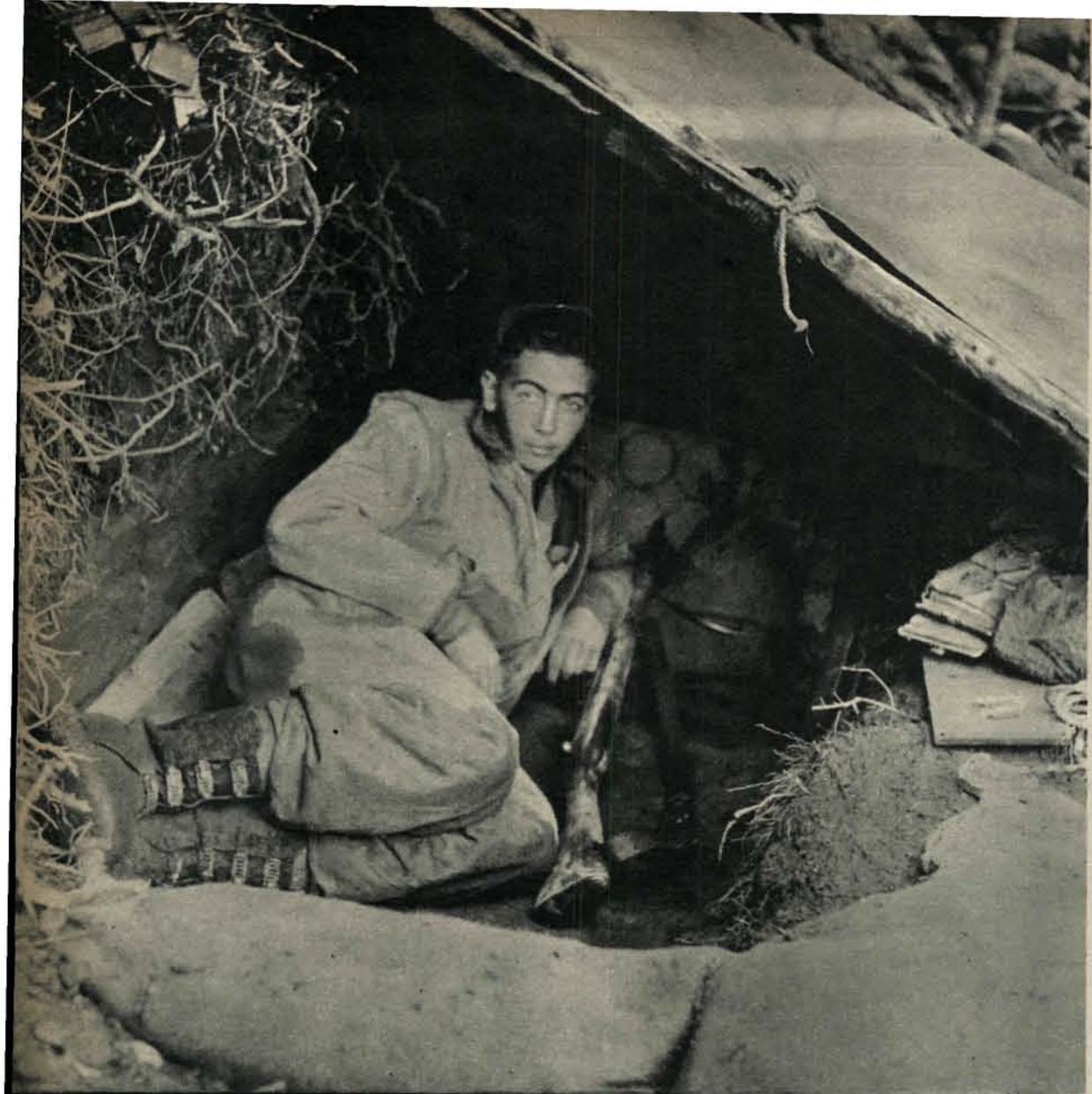
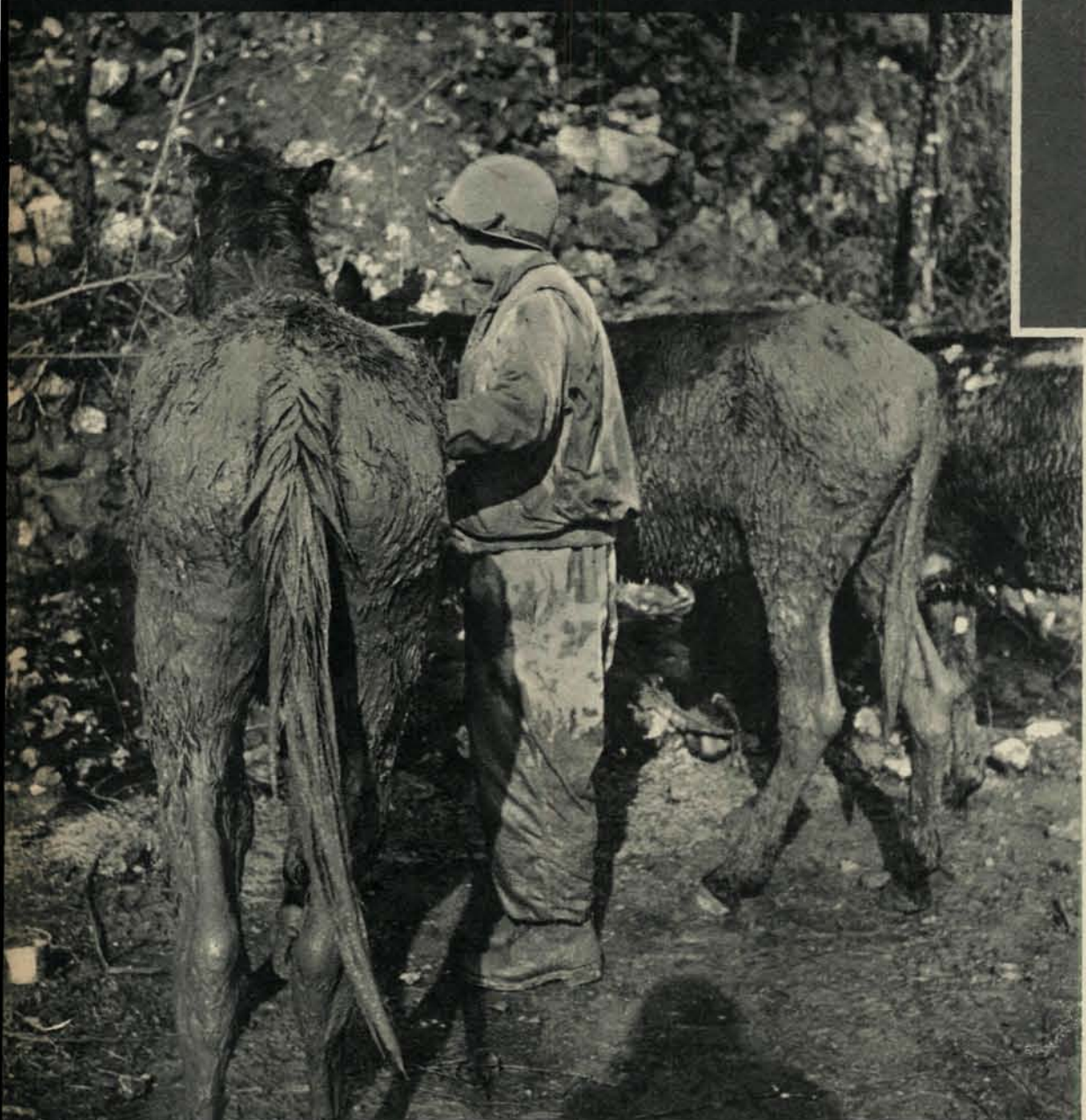


PVT. HAROLD CARLSEN OF PENN YAN, N. Y., TAKES A SHORT BREAK IN A HOLE HE CALLS HOME.

SUPPLY MEN WALK THROUGH A GRAY LANDSCAPE TO THE FR



AN ARMY MULESKINNER TENDS HIS MUDDY CHARGES WHICH HAVE HOCKS STANDING OUT LIKE CHICKEN BONES.

When the Infantry's ammunition and food reach the last stage of their tortuous journey to the front, even the mules quit. The private finishes the job alone.

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—We came up here for blood and thunder, for grenades and glinting bayonets and moaning mortar shells. We didn't get them because it was a quiet day as the Infantry business goes.

What we got, though, was better because we and few others had ever bothered to see it before. We followed a can of C rations into a foxhole, a .30-caliber cartridge into an M1 and a quart of precious water into an empty canteen.

We had bumped into the bitter tail end of the Army's supply web where the fancy term, logistics, becomes merely a weary private's aching back and the slimy path up a front-line peak. We were up in the country where shipping and trucking are unheard-of words, where the only way to handle supplies is to manhandle them.

The location was a sector, half valley, half mountains, occupied by an American Infantry regiment. Regimental headquarters was in a row of damp caves at the base of a mountain which we had reached only after a half-mile slosh through a grove of sawed-off trees. The ankle-deep mud had worked crotch high by the time we reached the headquarters.

The regiment had captured this position several weeks previously. Then it had been relieved for a rest. Now some of the headquarters men were digging back into caves they'd lived in before. That's how slow the war moves on some sectors of this mountainous front.

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SECOND AND FOURTH MEN CARRY RATIONS ON PACKBOARDS WHICH THEY'LL SWAP AROUND FOR THE RIFLES LATER.

Supplies Are Brought Up in Italy on the GI's Back

Nevertheless, it was a good position, as positions go here. The headquarters caves were at the base of a steep peak. An enemy shell would have to have a pilot and a navigator with it to find this kind of a spot. The front line was around the peak and several miles up the valley to the north.

We saw that the men working around headquarters had their mud troubles, too. The mud was caked up to their belts and would have gone higher, but the rain water running off their backs and shoulders kept washing it off. We sat down by a private who was prying the caked mud from his instep with a trench knife. He was a supply man who had just come in across the stump flat with a 40-pound case of C rations for the headquarters cook cave.

"This ain't tough at all here," he told us. "This is just flat and muddy. You oughta see up front when it gets hilly and muddy at the same time."

He pointed to a distant embankment that intersected the stump flat. "That used to be an Itie railroad but the Engineers have fixed it up into a road that gets the trucks this far. The trucks get mired up there a piece, and they have to switch the stuff onto mules. Then a piece farther the mules mire down, and they switch the stuff onto my back. I ain't had a chance to bog down yet. Been too busy."

Most of the men in the regiment had drawn the new combat suits, and the owners of these were faring as well as possible in the steady downpour. One of them said that the new suits turned water better than any clothing the Army ever issued. Most of the men had also received galoshes, and the net result of this issue was that the medics were treating far fewer cases of feet, trench and frozen.

A man went into the headquarters cave with our request to stick around for a few days to pick up a load of pictures and stories. The executive officer, a lieutenant colonel, came out to see us and his first question was: "How brave are you?" We told him we didn't want to stick our necks too far out, but that we felt brave enough to get a story and some pictures. He smiled and said he was leaving inside an hour on his daily trip to check on supplies and tour the line CPs, and we could go with him.

While we were waiting a fellow on guard told us why this was a dull day compared with most the regiment had seen. We could hardly hear him for the racket being made by a battalion of 105s on the far side of the flat. They were whanging a steady stream of HE (high explosive) over the peak at our back and into the Jerry lines ahead. We could hear the shells hiss as they went over.

Then we heard a different kind of hiss—more of a whine—and there was no explosion preceding it, so we knew it was an incoming one and ducked accordingly. We saw it burst with a flash and a spurt of smoke near where we'd parked our jeep in a wooded lot on the far side of the flat. We began to worry about our transportation.

Later we learned that our jeep was untouched but that the burst had killed two of the fellows who had offered to keep an eye on the jeep

A SUPPLY CARRIER (LEFT) DRAWS CANNED RATIONS.

PVT. BOYD MUSSELMAN SCRAPES MUD OFF HIS SHOES

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Pvt. Clarence E. Shoemaker models new Infantry combat suit. He's acquired a German water bottle.

A jeep plows through a bypass which has been flooded by a creek swollen by the heavy rains.

Comes chow time on this part of the Italian front, and soldiers gather around a cook fire in a gully.

while it was parked there. A fragment of the shell had set off an ammo trailer and the resulting explosions had done the dirty work. Another GI lost a leg, but the medics grabbed him in time to save the rest of him.

An officer stopped to talk and explained the why of all the sawed-off trees in the flat at the base of the peak. He said the Krauts had sawed the trees down while they held the flat, for two good reasons. If the trees had been left standing, the shells our artillery was pouring in there would have hit the limbs and burst before they struck the ground, nullifying the protection of any foxhole the Germans could dig. And now that the trees were cut down, our troops advancing across the flat were left uncovered.

THE colonel came out of the headquarters cave wearing his helmet and raincoat, and said we'd better be moving because there was a long tough walk ahead. A second lieutenant with a carbine was our guide. We slushed behind him across the stump flat and up onto the fill of the Itie railroad on which the truck road was being built.

When we reached the top of the railroad bed, we could see how our Engineers were able to convert it into a motor road. On each side of the roadbed lay pieces of track and ties, the remains of the railroad after the Germans had run their railroad wrecker over it. The wrecker is a railroad car with a 10-ton pointed hook hanging over the rear and a chute built on each side over the rails.

When Jerry retires he couples a locomotive to the wrecker and opens the throttle. The 10-ton hook drops down between the rails and drags along, snapping the ties like toothpicks. Explosive charges slide down the chutes at intervals, attaching themselves to the rails. After the wrecker has moved ahead, the charges explode, cutting the rails into short lengths.

As we struggled to keep up with our guide's pace, the colonel told us about his riflemen and his supply men.

"In the Infantry," he said, "we learn to depend on manpower. Trucks get stuck, mules get mired, but we can always count on a man getting through. The men up in the lines are our big shots. We've taught them to do only one thing up there, and they concentrate on only one thing: how to kill Krauts. That's all they have to think about, and the rest of the regiment will break its back to see that they don't have anything else to think about.

"Except for killing Krauts, the supply men take care of all the infantryman's needs. Those needs boil down to three things: food, ammunition and water. As long as the supply men have an ounce of strength left, the man up on the line won't have to take his eye off his sights."

Soon the road-crew units thinned out to a mere sprinkling of men and then disappeared. We knew by the stillness and the tenseness that we had reached the outer fringe of the front. The lieutenant led us down the railroad embankment and into a knee-deep donkey path along which we splashed until we came to a battered farmhouse. This was the CP of a rear battalion.

Aid-station medics sitting on the back steps told us it was an unusually lean day. Two litter bearers had just come in to report nothing doing, and a couple of fresh ones were buttoning up to go into the lines and keep up the vigil.

Inside the farmhouse the lieutenant colonel commanding the battalion and his staff were eating a meal of bacon, crackers and coffee. The battalion CO cautioned us about the last leg of our trip. "You'll probably be okay until you come to the creek about a mile and a half up," he said. "It's swollen and you may have to wade it. It may get tough between the creek and the forward CP because Jerry has been shelling that sector with something big. He's been hitting it for about 15 minutes out of every hour, but lately he's been slackening up. Just be careful."

There were three big open fields to cross before reaching the creek, and at each one the colonel made us keep a 60-yard interval between men in single file because a group crossing the clearing might attract the attention of an enemy observer and draw shell fire. Crossing those fields felt like walking naked across a stage before a big audience. A few hundred yards to the left was the rolling, wooded valley floor where our patrols were out, and just beyond that were the German lines. Once, while we were strung out across the open space, we saw the guide fall flat and we fell, too, but nothing happened, and we continued on to the next field.

In this manner we crossed the three fields and came to the swollen creek. Some supply men had already started a timber bridge across it. The bank on our side was the mulehead, and the animals were nibbling grass as the men unloaded their precious cargoes of C and K rations, water and ammunition. This was as far as the mules could carry the load they'd taken from the trucks. Now the stuff had to be manhandled.

On the other side of the creek a thin line of mud-caked men was toiling up the slippery path of a 60-foot bluff, each with a 40- or 50-pound case or can on his shoulder. This was the only way forward from there. We saw a fagged-out soldier tug a case of rations to his shoulder and start for the creek, but as he reached the edge he leaned too far forward and the case tumbled into the stream. He splashed in after it, got it back on his shoulder and then made it across the creek. We watched him start up the bluff, his soggy clothes adding to the burden, and saw him lug the load over the rim and out of sight.

A rain-soaked lieutenant in charge of the detail was working on the bridge. Up to then, he said, the men had been wading waist deep with their loads across the creek, but the bridge would soon fix that. He said that his men had been working more than 12 hours a day keeping the line companies supplied. All but six of his original crew were out from pure exhaustion; they were no longer able to put one foot in front of the other. Lately he'd had to draw on reserves from the antitank company.

He said they had tried to get their mules beyond that point, but the first one had mired into mud over his back. "We almost had to shoot him," the lieutenant said, "but mules are too valuable. We managed to get a jeep near enough to tie a line on him, and two of the fellows waded out and held his head up while we pulled him out."

We teetered across the half-finished bridge and started up the bluff, remembering the battalion CO's warning about Jerry's habit of shelling this last portion of the route. We took our place in the line of carriers who were lugging the food, water and ammunition over the bluff.

It was tough going. You stepped one foot forward and slid back two. Tufts of strong grass should have been good handholds, but the grass was slippery with mud from the hands of other supply men. A man above us lost his balance and swayed a moment, his case of rations tilting backwards. We couldn't help him by pushing because the motion would have slid us down on the ones behind, so we clung on and waited. The carrier righted himself on a piece of brush and went on up. It was a hellish job for us to get up there, just carrying nothing. We wondered what an extra 40 pounds would have done to us.

WE finally climbed to the top of the bluff, crossed a small shell-pocked flat and came onto the railway we'd left several miles back. Instead of climbing over its embankment, we walked through a gap blasted out of it and started up the rocky slope of a peak on the other side. After about 200 yards of straight-up climbing, we reached the CP we were looking for—that of the farthest advanced battalion in the Fifth Army.

The CP was in a fairly secure gully that none of the German shells had found up until then. The men had dug caves deep into the gully banks, with the floors several inches above the bed of the crevice. These, lined with dried grasses, made relatively comfortable homes.

While we were there, things perked up in the valley below. There was a moaning, banshee wail, and we saw smoke trails of the six projectiles of a Screaming Mimi (rocket projector) arch over the valley. Then we saw the six bursts in our lines.

A line of supply men arose from the cover they had taken and continued up the hill. The nearness of the burst worried a captain in the CP and he came over to the men. "The Kraut observer might see you with those square boxes," he said. "Better take the back trail."

After the captain went away, the man he'd addressed lowered his case to the mud and sat on it. "That screws up the short cut," he said. "Now we gotta go over the rocks." He passed the word down to the fork of the path. The rest of the supply men hiked their loads up on their shoulders and took the back trail—up the rocks.

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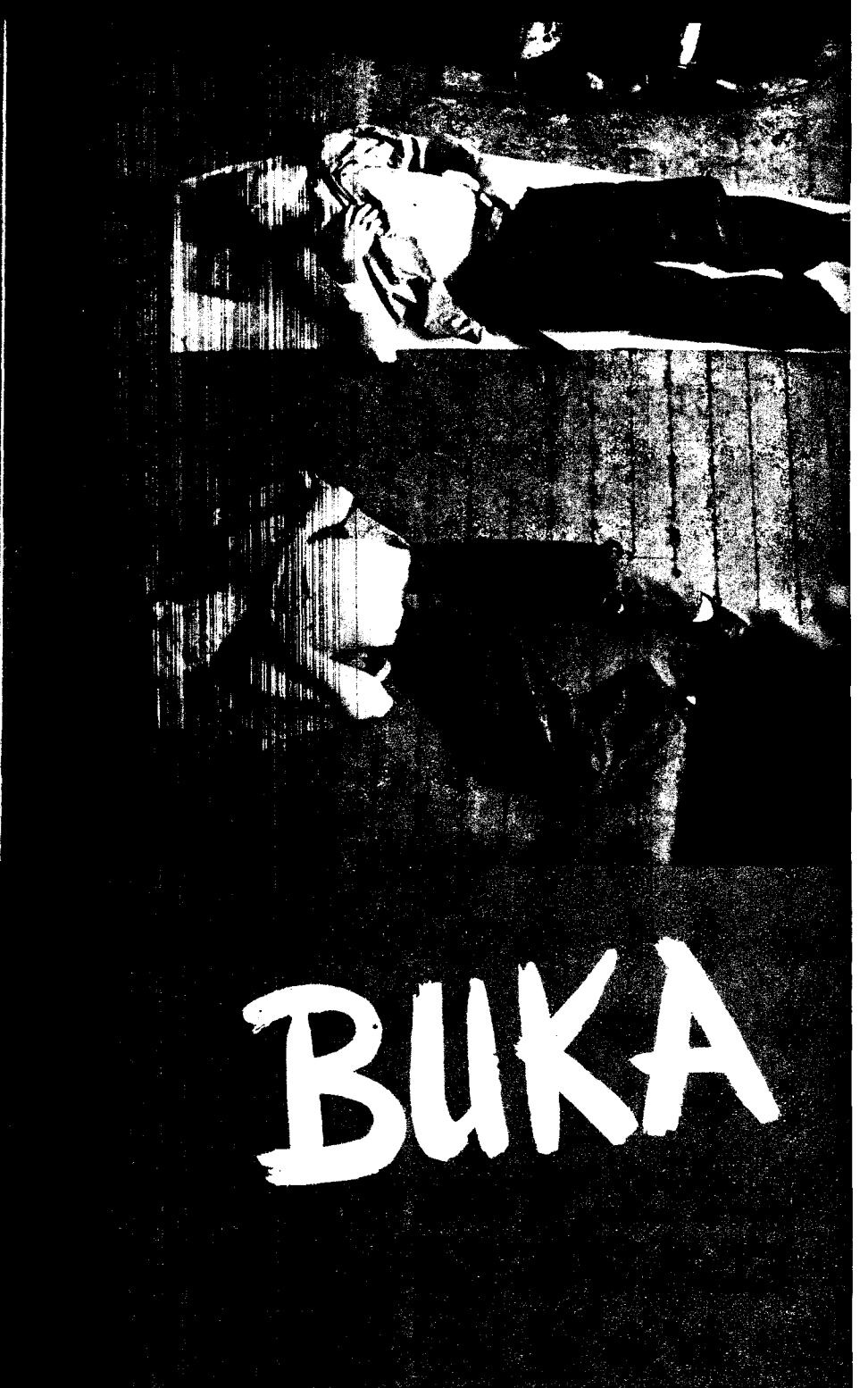
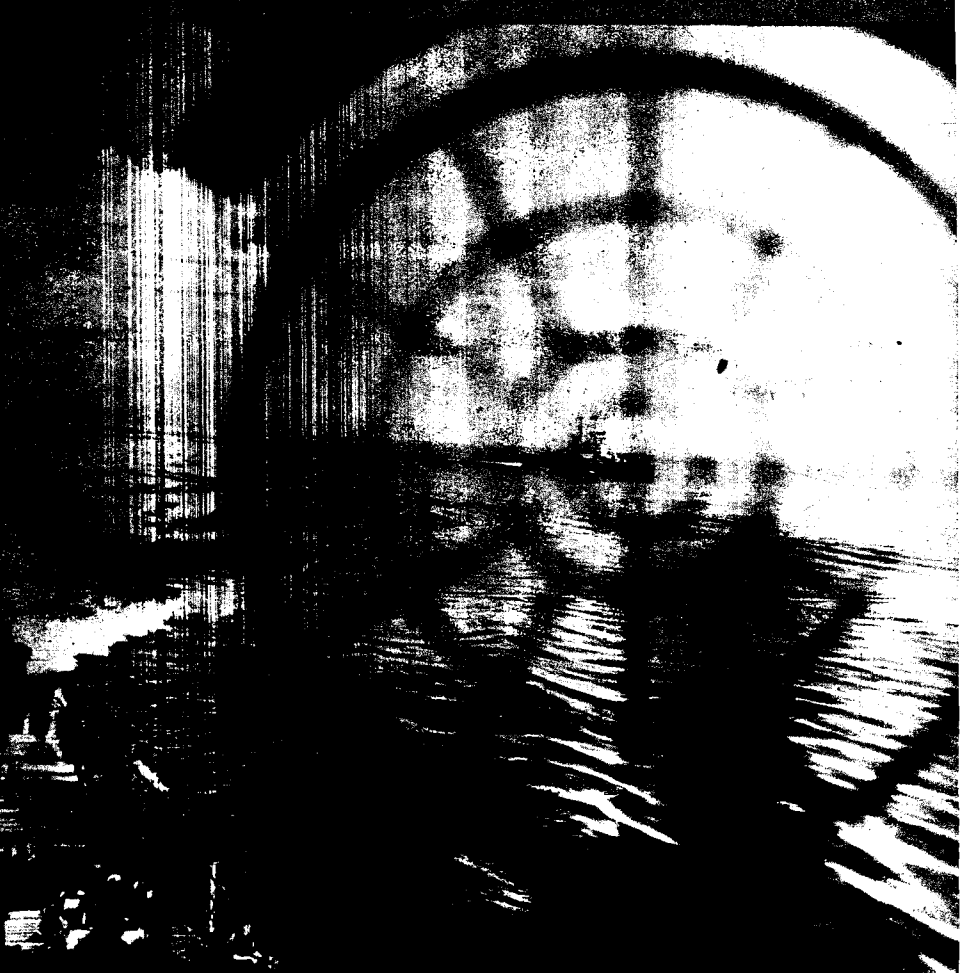
Task force's only casualty (he burned his hand) points out the ship's score.



These sailors are having a good snooze in the sun, unconscious of the camera.

BUKA

During the bombardment of Buka, two U.S. warships broadside guns light up the night.



Another U.S. cruiser is photographed through a gun sight on the way back.

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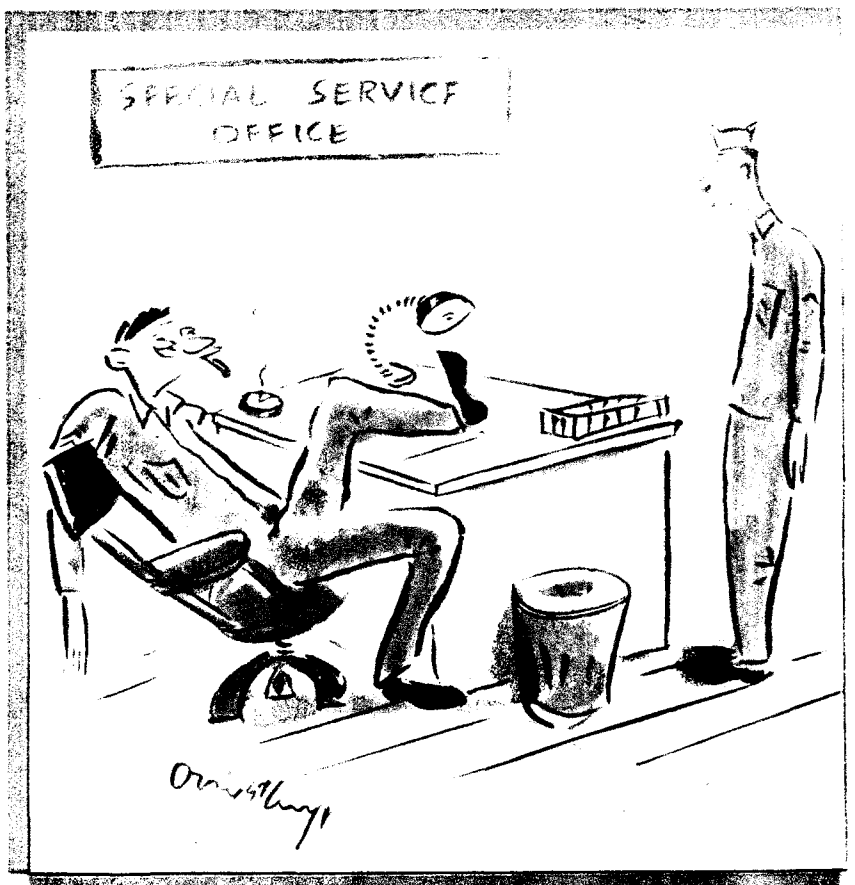

"ARE YOU THE ATHLETIC NONCOM?"

"FRANKLY, MAC, YOUR SUNBURN INTRIGUES ME."

Infantrymen Who Fought in Makin Battle Summarize the Lessons They Learned

By Sgt. FRED BAXTER
YANK Field Correspondent

A CENTRAL PACIFIC BASE—Ever since the last Jap sniper was knocked off his coconut-tree perch at Makin in the Gilbert Islands, the men of the 27th Division who took part in the 76-hour-battle have been comparing notes on an important question: What did they learn in actual combat that they hadn't picked up in the months of training and from the manuals?

Actually, they all seem to agree, you can get almost everything from the kind of jungle and amphibious training they had before D-day dawned, and that training, tough and lengthy as it is, pays off in battle. But the men who did the fighting also picked up a lot of lifesaving pointers you can get only in combat. This is a round-up of some of those pointers; they may help you when your own assault boat edges toward some Jap-held coral shore.

"I've been training, drilling and learning ever since I joined my outfit in 1915," says 1st Sgt. Samuel Passero of Johnstown, N. Y. "I thought I knew everything about fighting after the battles last time in France. That was before I hit Makin. I'd say knowing as much about demolition as possible is essential. Those Japs really dig in, and small-arms fire just won't budge them."

"It seems to me one of the most important things every soldier ought to know is to carry only what is absolutely necessary in his pack when he goes into battle," says Maj. Edward T. Bradt of Schenectady, N. Y. "No one should load himself down with nonessentials. When a man hits that beach, he has to move in a hell of a hurry, and he can't do that if he's loaded down like a pack horse. But emphasize that water is never nonessential."

"Plenty of water is right," adds Sgt. Gordon Wright of Meriden, Conn., "and you should keep from drinking it as long as possible. While the supply was plentiful in most cases, there was one time when we were in a position where water just could not be brought in. We had to drink some out of our machine gun and from coconuts. The climate is hot, and you sweat like the devil, so two canteens should always be carried.

"Food isn't nearly as important, and we found it was a good idea to try out the K rations before the landing to see just what agreed with us. What we didn't like we discarded, and we still had more than enough to eat. Every little bit you can drop helps to lighten your pack."

Almost every man at Makin had his own ideas about foxholes and their excavation and use. "Dig them deep enough to cover your whole body," advises Cpl. Walter Manley of Dannemora, N. Y. "The coral-filled soil makes it tough digging, but it's worth all the trouble. At Makin the use of two- and three-man foxholes or slit trenches was a good morale builder."

"Put your foxholes in a shady area," cautions Pvt. C. B. Rose of Modesto, Calif., "to keep them from making a silhouette in the moonlight that will be shot at. Also keep your head from making a shadow when you look out of your hole."

"Carefully study and memorize your foxhole's position in relation to those of your buddies," suggests S/Sgt. Doyle Lee Major of Duluth, Ga. "And unless your outfit moves, stay in your hole all night. This goes even if you're injured."

"Don't forget there are no latrines in foxholes," says Sgt. William Harman of Accident, Md. "It's essential that you take care of that department before the sun sets."

"Unless you're in the outer perimeter, it's a good idea to lie on your back with your rifle and knife handy," declares Pvt. Maxwell Pratt of Morocco, Ind. "From this position you can usually see anything before it can get to you."

Pvt. Leroy Miller of Littlestown, Pa., emphasizes that "when dawn arrives, you should look over the entire area before leaving your foxhole. It might look like just another hole in the ground in the cold light of dawn, but, brother, it's better than an eight-room house when the Japs start prowling around."

Snipers and mosquitoes were pretty constant annoyances on Makin. There's not much you can do about the mosquitoes, but 1st Sgt. Passero has some suggestions about the snipers. "Those we had to contend with," he said, "weren't very good shots. They generally seemed to fire high, so it's always a good idea to keep as low as possible."

Pfc. Richard Dudley of Xenia, Ohio, adds: "Never take anyone's word for it that any area is clear of Japs. Don't pass by any holes. Watch the trees, too. They're the favorite sniper hang-out. Always look out for No. 1. Nobody else will."

Sgt. Earl Kopec of Curwensville, Pa., states: "You're meat for snipers when you're out in the open alone. No one will call you a coward for trying to have buddies cover you every time you advance. And it's no disgrace to crawl, run in a crouch, zigzag and take cover behind trees or anything else you see."

Knives were invaluable at Makin for almost the same reasons they're helpful on a camping trip back home—to cut branches and to get into anything from coconuts to *sake* bottles. Not many men seem to have used them in fighting, although some said they owed their lives to the hand-to-hand combat they'd learned in training.

SGT. Martin Pinson of San Francisco, Calif., says: "When we spent so many months in training for this job, I got tired and was convinced it wasn't worth it. But I know now that a soldier climbing into a landing boat should be prepared to go under water and come up with his equipment in usable condition. A landing boat, in the open sea, ships as much water as a loaded tanker, soaking everybody before it reaches shore. And everybody has to wade to shore in water that is at least hip deep. Chances are, too, that almost everyone will step into a shell or bomb hole in the reef and find the water momentarily over his head. When this happened to us, the men in our outfit reacted damned well. I've decided the training was what gave them confidence to go ahead."

The Japs aren't generous about a second chance. The idea is not to make the first mistake.

This Week's Cover

THIS GIANT of a man, G. O. Blackburn of Chicago, Ill., seaman 1st class, was photographed aboard an LST "somewhere off New Georgia" while on duty as gun captain. Six guys on YANK swore that this fellow was Alan Hale, the Hollywood movie actor, but take our word for it—he isn't.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. John Bushemi. 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. George Aarons. 5—Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 8 & 9—Upper left (8), S/Sgt. Jack Partington; all others, Cpl. Howard Warner. 10—AAF. 12 & 13—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 18—Cpl. James B. Kelley. 19—Left, Pfc. Earl McBarnette; right (top to bottom): PRO, Tarrant Field, Tex.; Acme; PRO, Camp Callan, Calif.; Signal Corps. 20—MGM.

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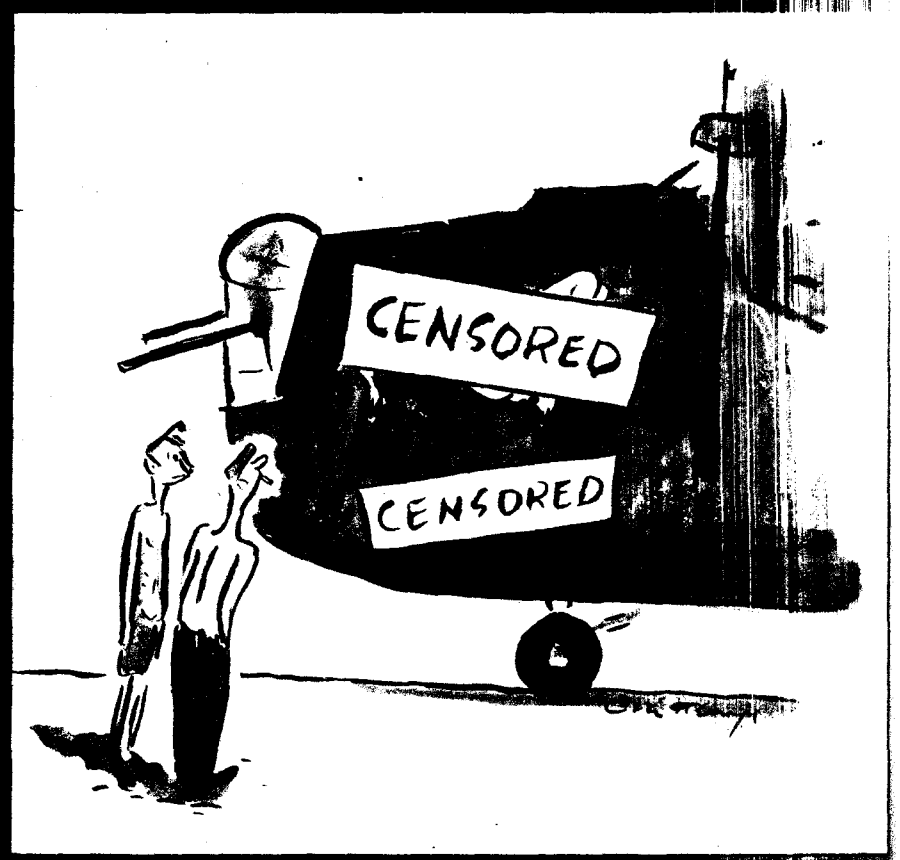
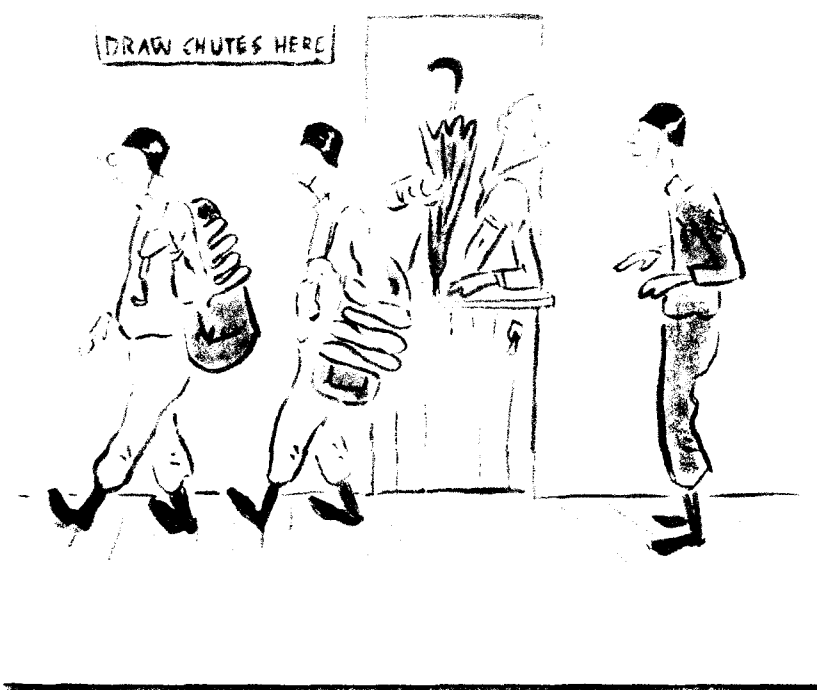


"UNDERSTAND THEY'RE TAKIN' IT BACK TO THE STATES."



Sleeping in the General's Car, Panama GI Finds, Has Drawback

PANAMA CANAL ZONE—Whenever Maj. Gen. E. F. Harding, commander of the Mobile Force here, chuckles in the presence of Pvt. Bill Brown, one of his chauffeurs, Brown usually suspects the general is remembering a little incident the chauffeur would rather forget.

Brown, whose home town is Paintsville, Ky., drove the general to a post dentist for a routine check-up recently. As Maj. Gen. Harding left the car, Brown walked around to the right front fender and placed a canvas cover over the two-star insignia to signify that the general was not among those present. Brown went back to the driver's seat and dozed off.

When Maj. Gen. Harding returned from his appointment, it was raining and he didn't want Brown to get wet. So he walked by the fender, removed the case, tossed it into the seat beside Brown, opened the rear door and sat down on the back seat. Then he cleared his throat with a couple of good-natured ahems.

Brown woke with a start, noted the case on the seat beside him, grabbed it and, without looking at the back seat, splashed madly around the front of the car, where he placed it over the stars to indicate, naturally, that the general was still not among those present.

"Haven't been asleep in the general's car since," Brown said. "All he has to do as he leaves is to smile once, and I'd probably stay awake for hours."

—Sgt. GEORGE HILL
YANK Field Correspondent

Smooth-Talking American Soldier Buys Dinner for a Couple of Nazis

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—It happened in a fringe of high hills where the Germans and the Americans were close enough to smell each others' dead. Pfc. Donald Smith, a Montana boy in Company E of a Ranger outfit, was on a reconnaissance patrol when he suddenly found himself separated from the rest of his squad. A few minutes later he was jumped by five Germans, who took his gun away.

One of the five pointed back toward the German lines, in the general direction of Berlin. Smith got the idea, and it didn't fit into his own plans for the future at all. He did some fast thinking and faster talking in a passable German.

"It's a pity," he said. "It's a pity I couldn't capture you instead of you being capturing me."

The Germans laughed at. They thought it was very funny.

"It isn't as funny as you guys seem to think," Smith said. "In fact," he added in a sad voice, "it isn't funny at all. It's downright tragic. You see, we're having steak for supper. Steak and fried potatoes."

The Germans stopped laughing.

"That's not the worst of it," Smith continued. "The worst of it is we're having white bread and jam and apple pie and real coffee."

Smith looked right at the five Germans. They were staring at him now, their jaws visibly dropping, and they were listening intently.

"And after dessert," the Ranger said, "we're having Havana cigars and some Haig and Haig 'schnapps.' It's the captain's birthday tonight."

The five Germans, tired, young and thin, were standing quite still, looking at each other.

Smith smiled. "Why don't you come and have supper with me?" Then he spoke rapidly and seriously.

He told them the Germans were fighting a losing war, that their cities were being bombed and their armies were being beaten in Russia and Italy.

"This war is not for you," said Smith. "Do you want to live or do you want to die?"

Some big shells whistled close by. "That's the beginning of an artillery barrage. Our 155s, you know. You better make up your minds in a hurry." Smith looked at his watch. Another shell landed several hundred yards away.

Right then two of the Germans grabbed Smith and told him to lead the way to his camp. All three moved off on the double. The three other Germans stayed where they were, still undecided.

An hour later Smith was back at camp with the two prisoners. He asked the cook what they were having for chow that night.

"Something special," said the cook. "Steak."

—Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
Africa Stars and Stripes Correspondent

Here's Useful Tip About Jeeps Discovered By a Yank in Sardinia

WITH THE FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE, SARDINIA—What happened to the higher brass in this outfit shouldn't happen to a dogface. They had to walk. All the jeeps were grounded: no spark plugs.

Then some grimy enlisted man came up with an idea that put the brass back on wheels. He rooted around some crashed Messerschmitts and discovered that spark plugs from their Daimler-Benz engines work perfectly in our jeeps.

So if your jeep has spark-plug trouble, just load up your M1 and knock down an ME-109.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Two Pigeon Fanciers in Iran Plan To Raise Some Fancy Pigeons

AN AIR BASE IN IRAN—The Signal Corps and the Air Transport Command may not know it, but they have competition in the Persian Gulf Command from a couple of airplane mechanics who are raising their own pigeons.

The GIs, Pfc. Attilio Oliviero and Pfc. Danford Mather, bought two pigeons for 50 *rials* apiece from an Iranian friend.

"A buck and a half for a pigeon is a gift," said Oliviero. "We figure bringing them up in this aviation atmosphere will have a good psychological effect. Ordinary messenger pigeons are fine, but we may develop a sort of Herculean pigeon, a veritable ferry pilot of a pigeon."

"That's what we're aiming at," said Mather. "We get these two pigeons really trained and, who knows, we may be able to ride back to the U.S. on their backs."

"And if that flops," Oliviero added sunnily, "have you ever tasted squab?"

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

A PIN-UP MAP OF EUROPE

The first section of a two-part map of the European war theater to help you to follow the Allied assault on Hitler's Fortress. It is a map with a wealth of detail—thousands of towns, cities and rivers, some of which we may soon be seeing. It was especially prepared for YANK by the National Geographic Society. The second, or eastern section, of the map will be printed in the Feb. 25 issue of YANK.

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In a St. John's street two GIs talk with a constable.

The Life of a Yank in Newfoundland

This wind-swept North Atlantic base is beginning to seem like home to the GIs who have been guarding it since January 1941.

By Sgt. FRANK BODE
YANK Field Correspondent

NEWFOUNDLAND—Clinging to a thick guide rope and nervously eying the sheer drop into the North Atlantic half a mile below, Yanks walk guard every day on the high cliffs of Newfoundland. While the wind "rants and roars like a true Newfoundlander," as a famous native song puts it, Yanks have been guarding this strategic island for three years.

"Now on a real windy day," says Cpl. Felix Welsh of Petersburg, Tenn., "we just about have to crawl on our hands and knees to get to our post. Those parkas sure come in handy on a day like that."

When the first AEF of this war arrived in Newfoundland on Jan. 20, 1941, while the United States was still at peace, some of the Yanks expected to find Eskimos living here. As for the Newfoundlanders, some of them mistook the parka-clad GIs for Eskimos.

Ever since we got to "First Base," it has been increasingly clear why Newfoundland was chosen for that role. This rocky, barren island advances the outposts of America 1,100 miles eastward. American bombers, flying the Atlantic to Britain, can refuel in Newfoundland. Bases on the island make it possible to protect convoys bound for the European Theater of Operations.

Newfoundland would be just as useful to the Germans, as a plane and sub base, if they could capture it. That's why the troops here undergo rigorous combat training in the rugged, spruce-jungled mountains, where live ammunition helps to provide reality and planes drop simulated bombs to harass "advancing" troops.

Sharing the defense of the large, triangular island are Canadian forces, who arrived in some strength before the AEF, and the native Newfoundland militia regiment, pride of the local citizens. The three services have competed in athletics. For the first time in Newfoundland's history, a U. S. Army crew won the annual international regatta in 1943, defeating the representatives of the champion native regiment and of the Canadian Navy.

The local regiment's shell was called *Royalist*, a tip-off on the character of the people of Newfoundland. This island is Britain's oldest colony, discovered by John Cabot in 1497. The people are almost all of English and Irish descent and they give their allegiance to Great Britain without question. But they are at the same time attached to their own island and proud of being Newfoundlanders. The language spoken is a variety of dialects of Irish, British and American origin. You still hear "thee," "thou" and "ye."

Newfoundland is now governed by a commission of seven administrators, three Newfoundlanders and four Britons appointed by the crown. Until 1933 Newfoundland had an elective form of government, but when the fishing industry collapsed during the depression, the commission form was set up to straighten out the island's economy.

Cod is king in Newfoundland. Not much can be grown on the island's peat and rocky sections, and only about 100,000 acres out of 27,000,000 are under cultivation. Most of these cultivated acres are potato fields and garden plots. Because of the high cost of fertilizer, the capelin, a small bait fish, is used by some of the farmer-fishermen as an inexpensive substitute.

Right now, however, only one-third of the 300,000 population depends on codfishing for a living. Many Newfoundlanders are working at the Paper & Pulp Mills in Botwood, one of the world's largest plants of this kind. Others work in iron and zinc mines, at Allied bases and for small business concerns.

Botwood's Paper & Pulp Mills have created a small company community, set up on the east

Cpl. George Chakedis, MP, of Philadelphia, Pa., and a St. John's constable direct traffic.

S Sgt Charles A French married a Newfoundland girl in 1942 Here they are with their daughter.

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With some old English cannon backing him up T-5 Harold Wing looks out to the sea.

side of town and similar to the suburbs of a small American city. Neat little homes with landscaped gardens stand out in contrast to the nearby wilderness, in which caribou and small wildlife still roam in abundance.

Fishermen's humble homes line most of the jagged coast. Nearby, on spruce-padded flakes resembling a canopy of branches on long stilts, the codfish is dried for local and foreign consumption. The songs of the fishermen capture the spirit of their hazardous trade, especially the celebrated "Squid-Jigging Song":

Oh, this is the place where fishermen gather,
With oilskins and boots and Cape Anns battened down;
All sizes of figures, with squid lines and jiggers,
They congregate here on the squid-jigging ground.

When the American forces arrived and began to construct defense installations, many fishermen deserted their nets to become construction workers at a wage scale far beyond the meager living they could extract from cod. The Newfoundlanders, who are often skilled craftsmen, may now earn as much in two or three months as they used to make during an entire year.

Newfoundlanders constructing living quarters for GIs hired another Newfoundlander just to brew tea for them all day long. As in England, coffee has never attained the popularity of tea, and recently local miners complained through the newspapers that an ounce of tea a week was hardly enough to keep body and soul together.

Fog and rain are frequent, particularly offshore. Reefs and rocks dot the coast, making sailing dangerous. Hundreds of boats and fishermen have lost their lives off these shores. Early in 1942 the U. S. destroyer *Truxton* and the supply ship *Pollux* piled up on the Newfoundland rocks during a North Atlantic gale. Natives from the little fishing village of St. Lawrence, among the best small-boat men in the world, rescued 168 officers and men of the U. S. Navy.

When the Knights of Columbus building burned in December 1942 during a Saturday-night barn dance and more than a hundred persons were burned to death, Cpl. Ray E. Hoosier saved five lives and Pfc. Frank Giaimo of Jersey City, N. J., was credited with saving three.

THESE incidents cemented the friendship of the the Yanks and the "Newfies," who have always hit it off well. Almost every American soldier has struck up an acquaintance with some local family in the nearest town, visiting them whenever time and weather permit. Yanks are also frequent guests at tea and local celebrations.

When the first invitations to tea were received, many an American soldier figured it involved delicately balancing a teacup on his knee while engaging in nervous conversation. But curiosity and the desire to be friendly overcame this mental obstacle, and the Yanks were surprised and somewhat relieved to learn that tea meant supper and a warm-hearted reception.

From these simple beginnings, the Yank-Newfie friendship grew to considerable proportions. Numerous marriages between local girls and American soldiers were recorded before Pearl Harbor, though since then stricter ARs have made things more difficult. Typical of the Yanks who have been here long and married early is S/Sgt. Charles A. French of Conehatta, Miss., whose wife is the former Gertrude Stapleton of Newfoundland. They have a baby daughter a year old.

Another GI who had no trouble at all making himself at home is Pfc. Edward Sheehan. Though he draws overseas pay, Sheehan is actually only seven miles from his family home. He was born in Newfoundland but went to the States in 1937, later enlisting in New York.

St. John's, capital of Newfoundland and site of one of its major harbors, has been burned down six times, four times by accident and twice by enemy action when the French tried to capture the town in 1705 and 1708. Old English cannons of the Queen's Battery still stick their imposing snouts out over the entrance to St. John's harbor.

The main drag of St. John's is cobblestoned Water Street, close to the water front. Traffic moves on the left side of the street and an old-fashioned Toonerville trolley runs on a one-way track in the middle.

Policemen 6 feet tall direct traffic. Dressed in black, they wear white elbow-length sleeves so that they can be seen easily, but they use no whistles. Their skill in wielding a billy is famed throughout the island and is highly respected by Allied servicemen as well as Newfoundlanders. The inevitable American MPs help the constables uphold the law.

Newfoundland has rarely figured in the war news. History will probably remember it as the island off whose coast, in Placentia Bay, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met on Aug. 14, 1941, to sign the eight-point declaration known as the Atlantic Charter.

But the Yanks here have in mind a more recent occasion. When Secretary of War Stimson visited Newfoundland in August 1943, he found a huge crowd of officers and enlisted men gathered at the airport. Secretary Stimson expressed surprise to his aides, who were supposed to have kept the arrival secret. Then he learned that the turnout was not in his honor; the downcast GIs had been told that Hedy Lamarr was on the transport plane.

Four men taking a jump on summer maneuvers (left to right): Sgt. Willie Achord, Pvt. Sylvester Riordan, Cpl. Dominick Visco and Pvt. Redmon Rice.

Yanks enjoy Newfoundland hospitality. L. to r.: Pfc. Don Mueller, Pvt. Carl Cohen, Miss Edna Carey, Miss Helen Lush, Pvt. Ray DiGiammarco, Mrs. E. F. Carey, Miss Vi Squires.

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The cast of "Hump Happy," the GI musical comedy that is turning up wherever there are American soldiers in India, loads its piano and stage properties aboard a transport plane before taking off for another camp.

THIS GI MUSICAL COMEDY COVERS THE INDIA CIRCUIT BY AIR.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—Broadway stage shows don't usually rehearse their songs, gags and sketches against the roar of a transport plane's motors, 5,000 feet above the Assam jungles. But a group of airborne soldier-showmen here in India have been practicing their numbers in the clouds ever since they first started their swing around this country to entertain U. S. troops. And thousands of satisfied GI spectators will testify that the unorthodox rehearsal method pays off with results.

These airborne GI entertainers are members of the cast of "Hump Happy," a fast-moving, two-act musical comedy that has given soldiers here their first ration of belly laughs since they left the States two years ago.

Booked for one- and two-night stands at camps all over India, the "Hump Happy" cast travels entirely by air, because there are big distances to cover. Flying most of the day to reach the site of their evening performance leaves the GI troupers with little time for stage rehearsals. So they do their rehearsing en route, running through songs and patter in the cabin of the big DC-3 high over the dense jungles of Assam or the drifting sands of the Sind Desert.

So far, they haven't figured out a way to go through their dance routines while in flight. It isn't just that their "stage" is somewhat wobbly; it's because the cabin is jampacked with a piano, stage curtains, props, footlights and public-address system, leaving little room for the hoofers to practice their steps. The piano and other stage properties have to be hauled along because most of the shows are put on at outposts where these articles are definitely not Army issue.

Air-raid alerts have frequently interrupted the shows. But the pay-off came one night when earthquake temblors threatened to destroy the stage. The quakes occurred at midnight, soon after several of the cast had bunked down on cots on the stage. Built of flimsy materials to make it more portable, the stage rocked and shuddered. This scared hell out of the actors, but both they and the stage survived.

TAKING its title from "The Hump," the range of mountains separating India and China over which several members of the cast had flown as radio operators and crew chiefs, "Hump Happy" is the outgrowth of a makeshift show staged one night at an Assam air base.

One of the spectators that night was a brigadier general. The next day he had the members of the cast relieved of their Army duties as radio operators, mechanics and office clerks. Then he put a Special Service officer in charge to whip their improvised acts into a finished production for a tour of the other India stations.

Maj. Clark Robinson, the officer assigned to supervise the new show, was a natural for the job. He formerly produced stage shows at the Roxy Theater in New York City, served as art director of the Radio City Music Hall and designed the sets and decorations for Billy Rose's Aquacade at the San Francisco Fair.

After putting on 37 performances in 29 days in the Assam area, the boys really put the show on the road, or rather "in the air." On their swing around U. S. bases in India, they have covered a territory more than half the size of the U. S. At the completion of their present India tour, they are tentatively booked for extended showings in China and East Africa.

The cast had its baptism in "the show must go on" tradition recently when Maj. Robinson was killed in a plane crash. The accident happened at a remote air base where a performance was scheduled the next night. Maj. Robinson had gone on ahead to make advance arrangements. When his men arrived the next day, they were told the tragic news. Although grieved by his death, the cast decided to go on with the show that night rather than disappoint their audience.

There are 12 enlisted men in the "Hump Happy" cast, and each of them appears before the footlights at least five times during the two-hour performance. While off stage, they double as prop men and make-up artists. Pvt. George Davis, who emcees the show, claims some of the men are on so often they meet themselves coming off.

Besides Davis, who was a radio singer in Brooklyn, the ex-professional members of the troupe are Sgt. Jack Newman of Cleveland, Ohio, a Chicago Opera Company tenor who also appeared in the Broadway productions of "Desert Song" and "Blossom Time"; Pfc. Bob McCollom of San Antonio, Tex., a cowboy singer and guitarist who played minor roles in several Gene Autry pictures; Sgt. Dalton Savage of Frederick, Okla., a bass fiddle player with the "Melody Cowboys" heard over Texas and Oklahoma radio stations; Sgt. George Winston, billed as the "GI Frank Sinatra," who was soloist with Sal Turner's orchestra back in St. Louis, Mo.; Sgt. Jack Sydow of Rockford, Ill., who starred in several college shows at the University of Illinois, and Pfc. Al Holden of Phillipsburg, N. J., a violinist with Bert Malheim's orchestra.

Three of the cast—M/Sgt. John Cobb of Salt Lake City, Utah, a guitarist; Sgt. John Hupfel of Chicago, a singer, and Cpl. Al Pestcoe of Philadelphia, an impersonator—had no previous professional experience. Cpl. Al Roth, onetime Broadway theatrical agent, serves as the show's stage manager and also plays bit parts. The show's three-piece band includes Holden, Pvt. Larry Fishman of New York City, a piano teacher in civilian life, and 1st Lt. Creth Lloyd of Syracuse, N. Y., a guitarist. Lt. Lloyd succeeded Maj. Robinson as officer in charge.

Top billing in "Hump Happy" goes to a trio composed of Sgts. Cobb, Hupfel and Sydow, who do an impersonation of the Andrews Sisters that is nothing short of infringement of character. The next best applause-getter is Sydow's strip-tease act. GIs who haven't tested their tonsils on "Take it off!" since they last visited burlesque theaters in Baltimore, Kansas City and Memphis really get in some wolf-calling practice during Sydow's "delayed peel." Sydow uses an AAF emblem instead of a G-string.

In fact, the whole show, with its latrine lyrics and gents-room jokes, makes a Minsky burlesque look like a Legion of Decency selection. But it's just what the doctor ordered for the entertainment-starved Yanks in the CBI.

Capt. Melvyn Douglas (right), former actor, talks with the "Andrews Sisters" of "Hump Happy"—Sgt. John Cobb, Sgt. John Hupfel and Sgt. Jack Sydow (l. to r.). Far left is Pvt. George Davis, master of ceremonies.

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HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

By Cpl. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Writer

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—You can boil down nearly all the changes that have taken place in Philadelphia since Pearl Harbor to one word: prosperity.

It's true, of course, that not every Philadelphian has shared in that prosperity. The thousands of the city's white-collar workers, like practically all white-collar workers everywhere else in the country, are finding it increasingly difficult to meet sharply rising prices with pre-war salaries. And more than 4,000 small storekeepers have been forced to close during the war because they couldn't get help or merchandise, or both.

But the jammed department stores, theaters and night spots, and the hundreds of giant war plants throughout Philadelphia give ample evidence of the prosperity that war has brought to great masses of the city's population.

You need just one set of figures to illustrate the sharp lift in the city's economic life:

In 1940 the average factory worker in Philadelphia was making $27 a week and the city's total factory pay roll was 393 millions. In 1943 the city's factory workers averaged $48 a week and the total factory pay roll was 1¼ billions.

These figures really take on life when you drive through the great industrial sections of the city like Kensington, Manayunk, Tacony, Frankford, Nicetown and parts of South and West Philadelphia. Before the war these sections were for the most part cities of dead factories. Today they are loaded with war plants and booming night and day.

The city's social life, too, has taken a terrific shot in the arm. If you recall downtown Philadelphia at night before the war you know that although it wasn't exactly the graveyard with electric lights that New Yorkers claimed it was and the people never really took the pavements in after 9 o'clock, the general atmosphere was quiet, sedate and relaxing.

You went, let's say, to a movie or to a play if any plays were running, or to the Academy to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra if it was Saturday night. After that you might have gone to Arthur's on Chancellor Street for a steak sandwich, or to the Shanghai for chow mein, to the Bellevue for a drink, or to H & H for a cup of coffee. In those days downtown Philadelphia at 2 A.M. was so quiet you could hear a girl's heels clicking a couple blocks away.

It's different now. If you're set in your ways you'll probably stick to the same old places even though they're likely to be crowded. But if you're a GI or a defense worker you're more likely to be found lining up six deep at one of the many new bars and night spots that have mushroomed since the war—places like Lou's musical bar (there are three Lou's, two downtown and one in Germantown) and others that give a kind of second-rate Times Square atmosphere to formerly quiet neighborhoods like Market Street west of Broad, and Locust Street east of Broad.

This change to a boom-town atmosphere is not restricted to downtown Philadelphia at night. It's true also of the amusement centers of North, South and West Philadelphia, of 69th Street, of Frankford and Germantown and all the other great sprawling cities within a city that make up Philadelphia.

They tell the story of a soldier from Germantown who was released last November from the Valley Forge Hospital where he had been treated for wounds received in Sicily. The GI went down to the busy section of Germantown, popped his eyes at the crowds milling about Germantown and Chelton Avenues, and remarked: "Say, this looks just like New Year's Eve." And the answer he got was: "Every Saturday night now is like New Year's Eve."

It's a good bet that the war has changed many aspects of your girl's life, too, especially her work. Don't be surprised if she writes you that she is driving a cab or a PTC trolley, or working on a welding job at Kellet Auto-Gyro in Southwest Philly or on the small-arms assembly line at Edward G. Budd's in Nicetown. Or, in fact, that she is doing any one of a dozen jobs that would have seemed fantastic in the old days. Your girl may not look as glamorous as she used to—it's pretty hard to look glamorous in a pair of cotton slacks and an old jacket—but she's making a lot more money than she used to make pounding the typewriter or selling step-ins at Lit Brothers. And besides, with more than 200,000 Philadelphians estimated to be in the armed services, there aren't many guys left to look glamorous for. Even the prettiest girls, from Germantown, for instance (the town's prettiest girls come from Germantown, though nobody knows why), are lucky if they can get one good date a week.

Many of the city's girls fill in their social lives by entertaining GIs as junior hostesses at the various USO Clubs, like the Stage Door Canteen at Broad and Locust Streets or, if they belong to labor unions, at the popular USO-Labor Plaza located on Reyburn Plaza in the summer months and in Town Hall in winter.

Other social notes of wartime Philadelphia: There were fewer marriages in 1943 than in 1942, more divorces and many more babies.

One aspect of Philadelphia life that hasn't been changed much by the war is its politics. In the city election last year the Republicans ran acting Mayor Barney Samuel against the Democrats' choice, William S. Bullitt, former U.S. ambassador to Russia and France. The Democrats, as usual, accused the City Hall machine of being responsible for the city's debts, for bad housing and for broken-down sewers. The Republicans, as usual, won.

Other phases of Philadelphia life that the war hasn't changed: The monotony of the row houses in the great residential sections of North and West Philadelphia; the lifting beauty of the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts; the summer picnics in Fairmount Park; the walks along Wissahickon Drive; Benjamin Franklin Parkway looking down from the steps of the Museum of Art; the pushcart stands on Fourth Street and Marshall Street in South Philly; the men's Bible classes and the Sunday suppers in the neighborhood churches; the dank smell in the City Hall corridors; the "chlorine cocktail" drinking water.

Philadelphia has its post-war plans, like most of the nation's cities. Headed by Edward Hopkinson of Drexel and Company and John H. Neeson, director of public works, a City Planning Commission has lined up 216 millions worth of projects. The program, according to Mr. Neeson, could easily be extended to 350 millions.

Typical of some of the citizen reaction to the ambitious plans of the City Planning Commission is this comment by an editor of one of the town's large newspapers. "Post-war problems?" he barked. "What the hell's the use of talking about post-war problems when we haven't solved our pre-war problems yet?"

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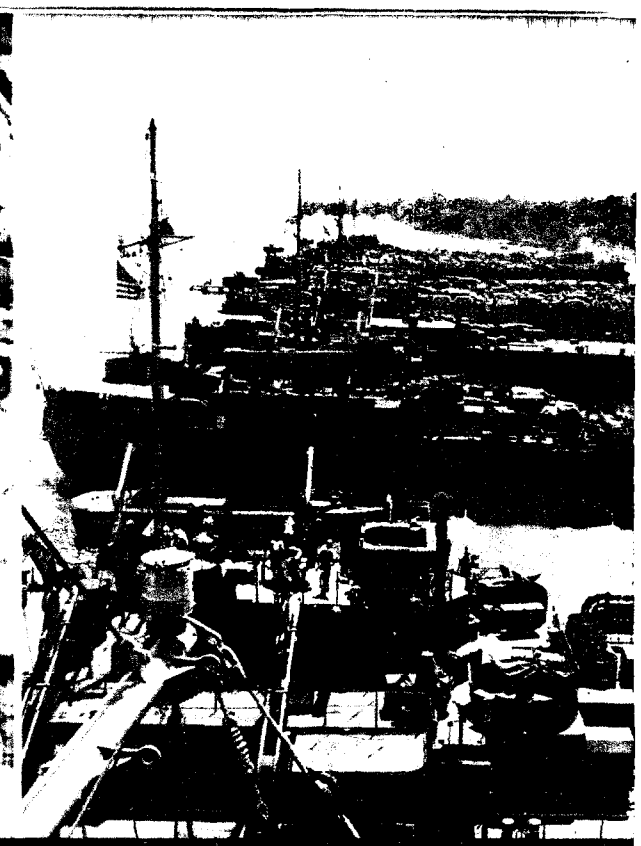
1. On a loading beach somewhere in New Guinea a line of marines carry ammunition containers on their shoulders to be put aboard landing craft invading Jap-held New Britain.



2. Long LSTs are lined up at New Guinea beach to be loaded with men and supplies

AMPHIBIOUS

YANK'S SGT. DICK HANLEY LANDS WITH TH

6. After landing, Cpl. John Nassar of Lawrence, Mass., waits in the high grass, tommy gun held in readiness, and talks with a native carrier only five minutes before the Yanks attack.

7. Tanks have moved up with the rifleme and the attack gets under way against Jap

8. Troops who cleared Japs out of the air strip advance past a wrecked Jap bomber

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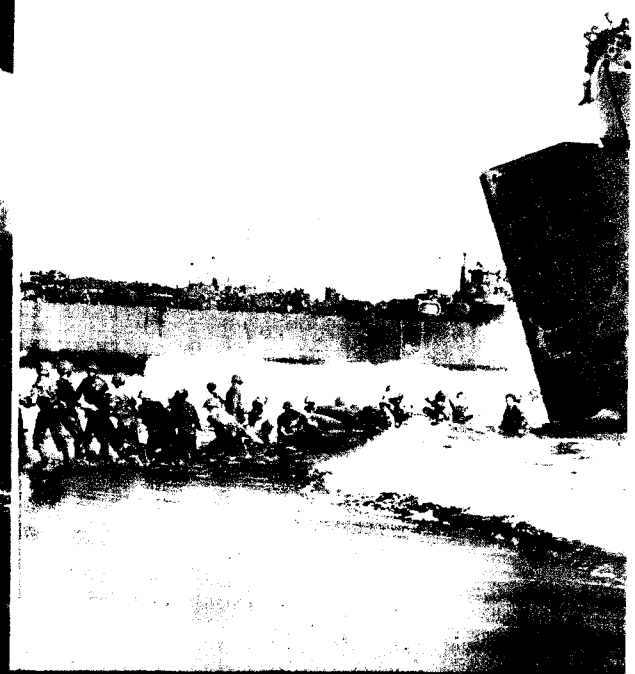
3. Headed for Cape Gloucester, Pfc. Ernest Gosbee, Guadalcanal veteran, brushes up.

4. Landing at Cape Gloucester, men wade waist-high through the churning surf.



5. In front of an LST's yawning bow, men pull a stalled jeep up the beach.

RINES AT CAPE GLOUCESTER, NEW BRITAIN.

holding the Gloucester airstrip. Smoke rises from gun explosions and men edge up in the grass.

9. A tank crew comes back to report results. They had destroyed eight Jap pillboxes.

10. The Japs withdrew but this one never got out of his foxhole. Having dug it, he died in it and lies mixed up in the mud, leaves and branches, with his helmet hanging down.

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MAIL CALL

Infantry Promotions

Dear YANK:
The new regulations on Infantry promotions, printed in a January issue of YANK, have caused a lot of resentment, as you are probably aware by now. Some of us in an antitank unit of an airborne division don't see why the glider infantrymen should receive promotions when we don't. We are an important part of the combat team, and our job is to help protect the Infantry from tank attacks. We are always right alongside the glider infantrymen and face not only enemy foot troops but anything else the enemy can throw at us. It's hard enough to have to take chances equally as hazardous as any taken by paratroopers, but this new deal just doesn't seem to be fair.

Camp Mackall, N. C. —Cpl. WARREN HUNT

Dear YANK:
Why is it that only platoon sergeants of an Infantry division are promoted to tech sergeant's ratings when staff sergeants in the mess hall do all the work, both in the field and in camp? We have no holidays and little time off, and we have to stand every different kind of inspection there is.

Camp Campbell, Ky. —S/Sgt. E. DE MARCHIS

Dear YANK:
Well, the Infantry is now getting 275,000 promotions plus special Infantry badges. But what about the tactical MP outfit? The Infantry may get official attention for their hard, long hikes, but for twice the hardships we only get hot soup and a cigarette. If infantrymen can get "excellent" ratings, promotions and badges, too, why not us?

Fort Sam Houston, Tex. —S/Sgt. W. R. WOOD*

*Also signed by Sgt. Joe Schlag, Cpls. Ed Doherty and Larry Gerzcak, Pfc. E. Manly, and Pvt. Walter Koening.

Dear YANK:
It always seems that when ratings are given out the company clerks are the forgotten men. We maintain that if the supply sergeant can get a staff rating, then we should get our long-sought third stripe. After all, the company clerk does much of the supply sergeant's work for him and gets none of the credit.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Cpl. JOHN VAUGHAN*

*Also signed by Cpls. David Mertz, David Ross, James Conly Jr., Anthony Arace, Frank Perry, Lowell Schenke, Emanuel Bartzel, Thomas Dalton, Albin Cegelski, Arthur W. Silver, Ed Madden, Alphone Voinche, L. Quickle, James Doyle, Alex Kerpferman and R. Harrell.

Dear YANK:
At least half the privates in this Army have been overlooked by the new War Department ruling on promotions. Lots of us are left in doubt as to whether we are still a part of the war. Actually, over two-thirds of the Infantry is composed of privates, yet in all matters concerning a raise in pay most of us are forgotten.

Aleutians —Pvt. JOE PHILLIPS

Dear YANK:
The "combat medics" want to beef for, while we are definitely part and parcel of the Infantry, we get none of the promotions now effective for the Infantry under the new War Department grade hikes. We eat, sleep and live with the riflemen, and in combat are never more than 500 yards from the front lines, while a goodly portion of our men (the company-aid men) are right up on the line shoulder to shoulder with the infantryman. But as usual we have been forgotten again, just as we always are until the shells start bursting. We face every one of the hazards the riflemen face. What about us?

Fort Lewis, Wash. —Entire Med. Det., 71st Inf.

Perforated Eardrums

Dear YANK:
Say! Exactly why are men like Frank Sinatra and professional athletes like Leo Durocher and hosts of others classified 4-F for minor defects like a punctured eardrum? I am damn near blind, 20/800 in each eye, and I have seen poor GIs much worse off physically than I am. There is one guy here who has a glass eye and can't see very much out of the other. My buddies and I would like to know why athletes can't do the same nonstrenuous details half-blind men are asked to do?

Presque Isle, Maine. —Sgt. JOHN H. MADER

■ Most eardrums are perforated after infection has begun in the middle ear, and in the ordinary exposure of the field, to which even a limited-service soldier is subjected, the danger of reinfection is great. The Army says it doesn't want a lot of mastoid cases on its hands.

Dear YANK:
I have a busted eardrum and I knew it a long time ago, and I knew the Army didn't take guys like that, but I tried to join anyhow and somehow I got in. But now that I'm in the Army, I wonder if I'll go overseas, because according to the new *WD Circular 293-43* men who have defects which are below the present minimum physical standards for induction may not be shipped overseas. I'm wondering what I'll think when I find myself riding a camel, because I shall remember that the Army couldn't have taken me, and I shall know that although they did take me they couldn't have sent me overseas.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Cpl. E. MISTAL

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:
In a December issue of YANK John Colin Ptr2c asked Sgt. David Silver for proof of his statement that the American Legion was Fascist. If Conlin wants documentary proof of the Fascist leanings of the Legion, let him write to the American Civil Liberties Union in New York, long champion of civil rights. They will be only too glad to give him the necessary information. The veterans of this war already far outnumber those of the last war. We must form an organization of our own, which will be more powerful than the Legion and which will fully represent us in the post-war era. We do not want an organization concentrating its efforts in strikebreaking.

SAACC, San Antonio, Tex. —Sgt. MARTIN D. FURST

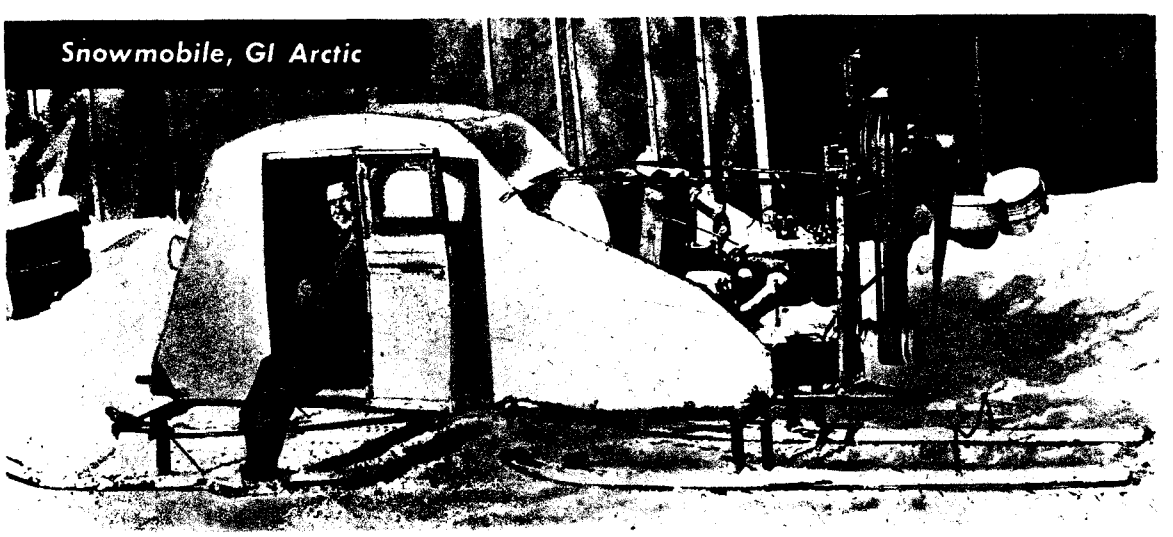
Dear YANK:
Sgt. Davoli's reference to the American Civil Liberties Union having compiled volumes on the American Legion as a "tool of big business" was at best a weak attempt to smear the known fairness and integrity of the Legion. To descend to the same smear level, however, I'd like to point out that the Dies Committee has, in turn, compiled volumes on the Civil Liberties Union, exposing it as an organized group of fellow travelers, parlor pinks and political crackpots. Thank God this country has a Legion organization with the power and courage to fight the Willie Bioffs, the George Brownes, the Harry Bridges and the John L. Lewises. I don't think the American Legion will want members like Sgt. Davoli and other left-wing radicals sympathetic to labor racketeers. So much the better for America.

U. S. Coast Guard, Long Beach, Calif. —CRAIG MARTIN Y2c

Overseas Duty

Dear YANK:
In a December issue Pvt. James S. Hamilton, Fort Custer, Mich., wrote to *Mail Call* about wanting to get overseas duty. He was very anxious, too. And I certainly would be very glad to oblige him. After being here 15 months in the tropics and jungles, I would sure appreciate a change, believe me. How about it, Hamilton, do you want to change places?

New Caledonia —Pvt. HOWELL HALLMARK



Dear YANK:
When our ordnance detachment hit the "High North" the boys heard the regular tales from Eskimo Joes and pals about being snowed in for months on end and were told that if they wanted to make the beer parlor in town, they had better start training a dog team. But Sgts. Zobel, Nelson, Gerz, Moores, Everitt, Conkin, Davis, Bilinsky and Stoll didn't care for the dog idea, so the motorized sled, or snowmobile, was their answer. With a Model-A Ford engine for power and a 10-gallon fuel supply, a pusher-type propeller gives them all the luxuries of air travel. A closed cabin seats five and has such appointments as upholstery, headlights, windshield defroster and heater. The boys complain of only one feature—the brakes. They have to circle the beer parlor from three to eight times before the drag anchor sets them down.

Canada —Sgt. GEORGE T. SMITH

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

A. Sgt. JAMES ADAMS, once on Crew 100, Biggs Field, Tex.: write Sgt. Howard W. Williams. . . . ROBERT ARMSTRONG, once at Hq. Btry., 1st Bn., 13th CA, Fort Barancas, Fla.: write Cpl. Charles Paul Jones. . . . ROBERT ARTEA of Santa Paula, Calif.: write Sgt. Margarito H. Rocha.

B. Sgt. GEORGE A. BAIRD, once in Hq. & Hq. Btry., 41st FA Bn., Fort Lewis, Wash.: write Lt. George K. Phinny. . . . Sgt. DOWE BAYLERS, once at Gunnery Sch., Lowry Field, Colo.: write Sgt. Edmond Lewis. . . . Pvt. ROBERT BECK, once at Camp Kohler, Calif.: write Pvt. Herbert L. Cook. . . . T/Sgt. S. A. BENAVIDES of Corpus Christi, Tex., last heard from in Aleutians: write Pvt. Manuel L. Meza. . . . Pvt. FRED BOYD, once at APO 3674: write Pvt. Robert Walker. . . . S/Sgt. FLOYD BROWN, once in Btry. A, 71st CA, Fort Story, Va.: write Pfc. Willie R. Wilkins. . . . Sgt. JOHN H. BROWN, once at Camp Carson, Colo.: write Sgt. Johnnie Wood.

C. Pvt. TRAVIS CARTER, with the 45th Div.: write Cpl. Dail W. Burge. . . . Pvt. WILLIS M. CHANDLER, 5th Cav. Regt., APO 201: write Pfc. Enrico J. Romano. . . . Sgt. CHARLES A. CHAPIN, once in Fla.: write Cpl. Albert Higgins. . . . Pvt. WILBUR R. CURTIS, once in Charleston, S. C.: write Cpl. Thomas Flannagan.

F. M/Sgt. PETER M. FEENEY of Philadelphia, Pa.: write Lt. B. B. McCurdy. . . . Pvt. GRANGER WILBUR FORD: write George A. Ford.

K. ALBERT E. KELLY of Biloxi, Miss.: write Cpl. George Blanchard. . . . HARRY KLINGER, once at AAB, Lakeland, Fla.: write Pvt. Abe Newman. . . . STANLEY and WALTER KOPSZYIVA of Biloxi, Miss.: write Cpl. George Blanchard.

M. CHERABINO (BEANO) MARCELLINO of Brooklyn, N. Y.: write Pvt. Thomas F. Redican. . . . RAYMOND MARTIN S2c, somewhere in the Pacific: write your brother Pvt. A. H. Martin. . . . WILLIAM F. MURPHY, once in Com. Sq., AAB, Smyrna, Tenn.: write Sgt. J. Koerber.

R. Pvt. JESSIE REED, once in the 90th CA, Camp Stewart, Ga.: write Pvt. Oscar Pritchet. . . . Pvt. RALPH REEDER of Columbus, N. C.: write Pfc. Dallas E. Mitchell. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of HERMAN REINGOLD: write YANK, 205 East 42d St., New York, N. Y. . . . Pfc. JOE RODRIGUEZ, AAFFE: write Pfc. Lee Jimenez. . . . Pvt. ARTHUR ROOP and Pfc. KENNETH ROSTILMILY, of West Bend, Iowa: write Cpl. C. K. Miller. . . . Pvt. LEROY RUSSELL of Buffalo, N. Y., once in New Orleans with 393d QM Bn.: write Pfc. Charles Paynes.

S. Pvt. R. E. SANDSTROM, once with Btry. K, 502d CA (AA), East Paterson, N. J.: write Pvt. R. W. Kemmer. . . . RAYMOND E. SCHAFER of Chicago, Ill., once in Aleutians: write Pfc. Eugene A. DeLaddy. . . . Capt. MADISON C. SCHEPPS, at Fort Benning, Ga., 1938: write Cpl. Melvin Harriss. . . . Mess Sgt. JOHN W. SCOTT, once at AAB, Charlotte, N. C.: write S/Sgt. Fred Oliver.

T. JOHN F. TAYLOR, ASN 17011410: write Pfc. Alvin Meyers. . . . CHARLES THOMSON, once in Btry. C, 1420 FA, Camp Bowie, Tex.: write S/Sgt. Clifford E. Fisher. . . . TIGER A. C. boys in service: write Pvt. John Jarosz. . . . LEE TINKLER, USN: write Pfc. George W. Barnett. . . . LOU TOSCA, USMC: write your brother, Pvt. Joseph J. Tosca. . . . Sgt. WILLIAM TULIN, in AWS in the Pacific: write S/Sgt. Labatt-Simon.

W. Sgt. CHARLES WASHINGTON, once at Fort Clark, Tex.: write Pvt. Robert Jordan. . . . MILTON WETTIECH of Cincinnati, Ohio: write Cpl. George L. Klems. . . . Pvt. WINTON WHITBECK, once with the Engrs. at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.: write Cpl. David H. Odle. . . . MIKE WHITTINGTON JR., once at Norfolk (Va.) Naval Tng. Sta.: write Edward Holstine. . . . Cpl. GEORGE G. WILLIAMS of Newport, R. I., once at TWA (ATC) Sch., Kansas City, Mo., later at Rosecrans Field, Mo.: write Pvt. H. F. Weaver. . . . Wac ROSALIE WILLIAMS, once at a camp near Wilmington, Calif.: write T-4 George Radich.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of all those wanting to exchange shoulder patches will be sent to soldiers upon request. We haven't enough space to list everyone's name each week.

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

Cpl. Robert E. Bullard, Hq. & Hq. Btry., AAATC, Camp Davis, N. C.

Lt. Frank P. Liberman, Hq., CSCS, Camp Crowder, Mo.

M/Sgt. Sidney Somolsky, 76th Inf. Div., Fin. Sec., Camp McCoy, Wis.

Pfc. Archie Perkins, 138th AAA Gun Bn., Btry. A, Camp Davis, N. C.

Capt. Edmund D. Jones, 34th Med. Bn., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Lt. Frank P. Liberman, Hq., CSCS, Camp Crowder, Mo.

Pvt. Cecil Adcock, Med. Det. B. T-97, Winter Gen. Hosp., Topeka, Kans.

Lt. G. M. Yurkanan, Hq., 730 FA Bn., 75th Inf. Div., Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Pvt. Donald K. Gruber, Hq. Btry., 249th CA, Fort Stevens, Oreg.

Pvt. John D. Maguire, Co. B, 1548th ASTU, Univ. of Ky., PO Box 1942, Lexington, 29, Ky.

Cpl. R. A. Hardie, Co. H. 8th Bn., 3d Repl. Regt., AGF Repl. Depot No. 2, Fort Ord, Calif.

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"I went to bat for you men. We're going to make seven of you pfcs!"

275,000 RATINGS

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

My contact with the Infantry has not been very great. An infantryman and I, in a Los Angeles barroom, once took two girls away from a couple of lieutenants. They were only medical lieutenants, but even so there was a gratifying sense of triumph. And I've liked the Infantry ever since.

That's why I'm interested in the War Department's move to give 275,000 ratings to the Infantry. This is a radical change of policy. I hope it works out as well as everyone expects.

All the Infantrymen I ever talked to were privates, and they all seemed to like it that way. The whole idea of promotion seemed to puzzle and bore them.

Of course I'm judging only from those barroom conversations, and I've no way of knowing how the Infantry took its 275,000 ratings. But I imagine it might have been something like this:

"I've just wangled some ratings for you guys," says the first sergeant. He surveys the grimy faces of the men he has assembled in a little canyon 15 yards behind the lines.

"Now, can anyone tell me what a rating is?"

The men finger their rifles uneasily, looking around at each other. Finally Blakely, who has 29 years in the Army, speaks up:

"A rating," he says, "is a form of promotion, or whatever you call it. They have it in the Air Corps. I saw something about it in a training film."

"Very good. And just what is a promotion?"

No one volunteers to answer. "Oh," says the first sergeant, "here comes the lieutenant! I think he wants to say something to you men."

"I've managed to arrange some ratings for you men," smiles the lieutenant. "I went to bat and I stuck my neck out for you men. We're going to make seven of you pfcs!"

He pauses to let the dramatic effect of these words sink in. The men look at each other uneasily out of the corners of their eyes.

"Sir," says Wilton, sounding off, although he's a newcomer of only six years' service. "Sir, I don't want to be this pfc or whatever you said. I want to stay in the Infantry!"

"It isn't what *you* want," snaps the lieutenant. "It's what the Army wants that counts. If we need a detail of men for pfc we'll get a detail of men for pfc, and no griping from you dogfaces, understand?"

At this moment the enemy attacks. The infantrymen go into action in a wild melee of rifle fire, machine gunning and bayonet charges. They leap on two advancing tanks and set them afire. A strafing plane is brought down by their angry rifles.

"We're going to have seven pfcs," continues the lieutenant when things begin to quiet down.

"Just a minute there," interrupts the major, who has dropped over to see what the shooting was about. "Just a minute. We're going to have two corporals, too. I succeeded in getting two corporals, besides the seven pfcs that I got for you men."

The apprehensive Infantry begins to melt away, the far ones disappearing into the underbrush, those up close milling around and maneuvering for the back of the formation.

"You and you and you!" yells the first sergeant, grabbing nine men and herding them forward. The major hands out the single and double stripes.

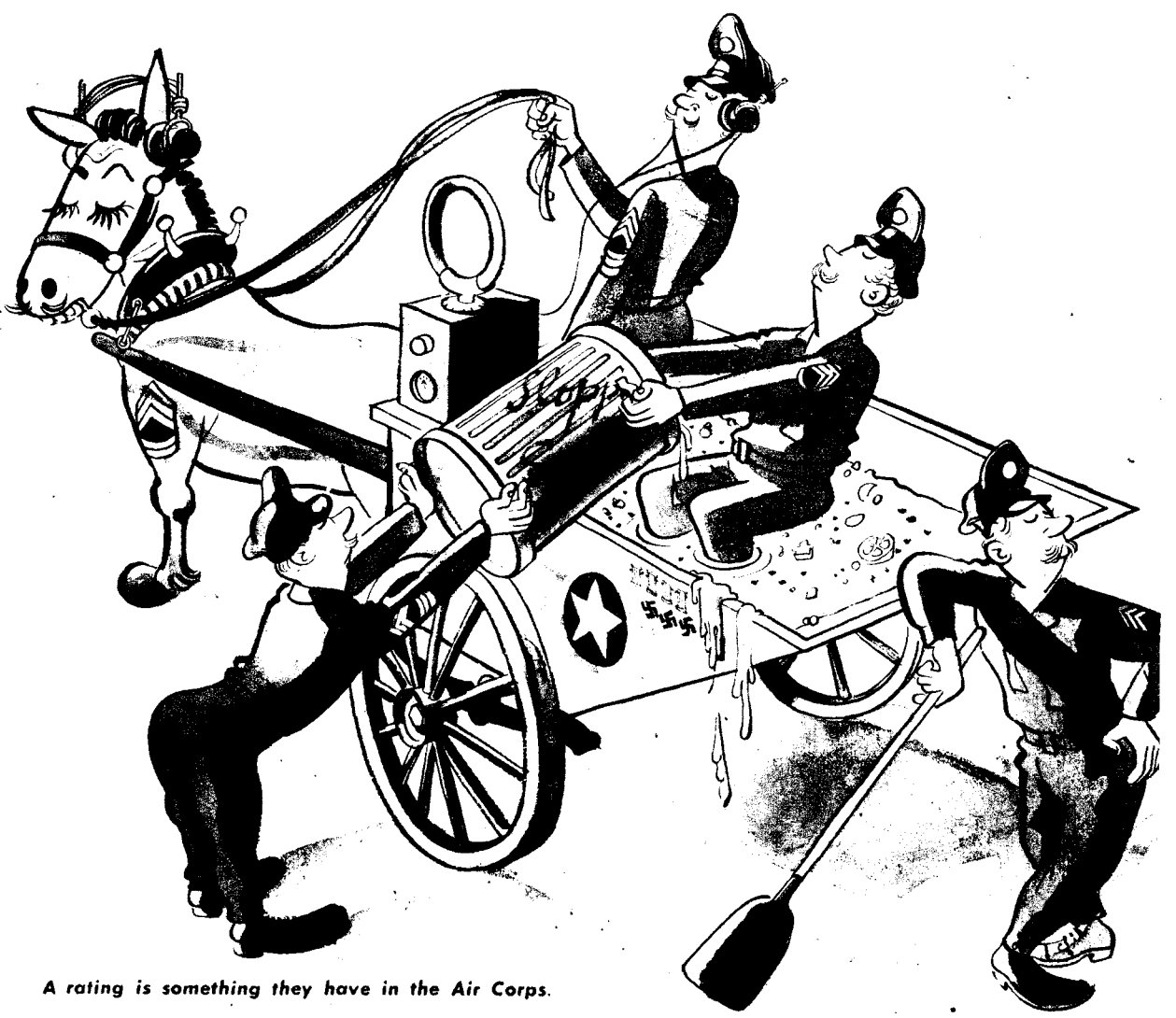
"Sir, what do I do with this?" asks Nolan, holding his stripe delicately between his thumb and first finger.

"Put it on your sleeve!" bellows the major. "You ought to know that much! Haven't you read your *Soldier's Handbook*? You men with stripes, you're supposed to be better soldiers than the men in the ranks. You're supposed to be an example for the other men! You've got to learn to accept a little responsibility. If you can't we'll take those stripes off you and give them to men who can! You men can be busted, don't forget! We'll start a noncom school tomorrow."

The unhappy nine stare at the ground and make little marks with the butts of their rifles.

"Here, you noncommissioned officers and privates first class!" explodes the major. "Don't you know you're supposed to be at attention? You men ought to be ashamed to be wearing those stripes! You're busted, every one of you!"

He snatches back the stripes. "Go back to your duties, privates!" With a happy shout the nine men rush to rejoin their comrades.



A rating is something they have in the Air Corps.

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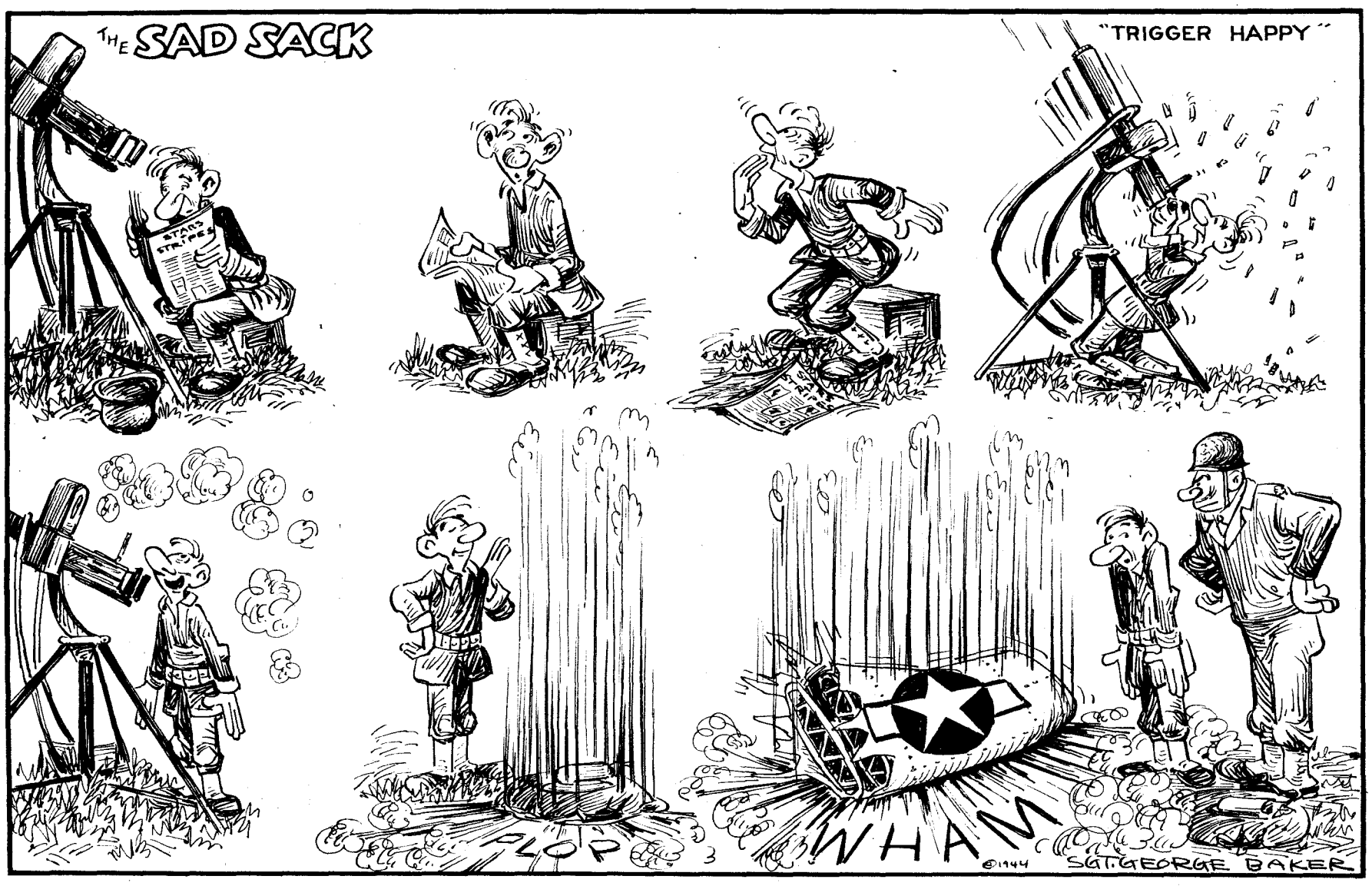


What's Your Problem?

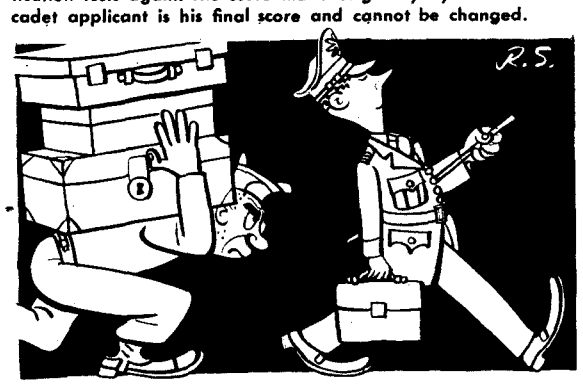
Aviation Cadets

Dear YANK:

After I read your reply to Sgt. Dan J. Binder in a December issue of YANK, where you told him that washed-out cadets could take successive tests to qualify for bombardier and navigator courses, I tried to reapply here. But I was rejected and told that my classification scores for bombardier and navigator were not high enough. When I asked the aviation-cadet board members whether I would be allowed to take those classification exams over again, they said that they did not know. Can you give me a little more information on the subject?

Scott Field, Ill. —Pvt. SAMUEL GROSS

■ YANK was misinformed. The procedure outlined in the December issue is not followed in general practice. Pilot washouts may enroll in the bombardier or navigator course if their classification scores for these courses are sufficiently high and if their aviation-cadet board approves their enrollment. However, washed-out cadets are not permitted to take their classification tests again. The score made originally by the aviation cadet applicant is his final score and cannot be changed.



Orderlies

Dear YANK:

I have some real bitching to register in this problem of mine! Just what the hell is the enlisted man supposed to be in the Army, a servant for the officers? Is it a soldier's duty to see that officers' tents are pitched for them? To see that they get tables and chairs to sit at and eat at? Is it a private's military obligation to cut wood and build a fire for the officers? And when it's raining and it's muddier than Missouri and it's time to move on, is it the enlisted man's job to tear down the officer's equipment and pack it while he sits under a tree or in a truck? We don't mind working our blasted heads off for our country, but we sure as blazes don't like to wait on officers or anybody else. Lots of us have too much pride to be "dog robbers." Do we have to be?

On Maneuvers in Tennessee

Dear YANK:

What about this orderly business, anyhow? I've just been confined for refusing to mop the sergeant's room. I'll sweat for my country, but here is one private who is never going to mop any sergeant's floor, even if it costs me six months' confinement. But just for the official record, please tell me if noncoms rate orderlies?

Jefferson Barracks, Mo. —Pvt. JOHN ACOCELLA

■ Officers are provided with orderlies for necessary "housekeeping" tasks on the logical grounds that they are too occupied with important problems concerning troops and movements to take time out for personal details. Generally, however, there are GI volunteers who are willing to serve officers, since such extra services are paid for by officers from their own pockets at a rate of extra pay usually stipulated by the commanding officer. In the event, however, that volunteers are not available for orderly details, any GI can be assigned to the job.

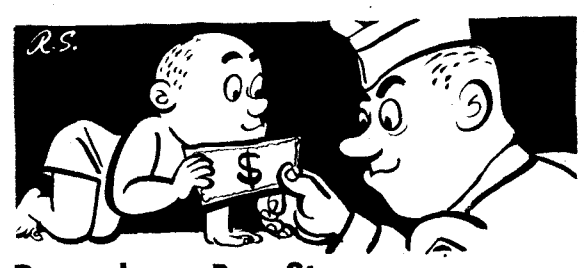
Noncoms are not regularly authorized to have orderlies. However, if a noncom's duties prevent his taking time out to clean up his room before an inspection, for example, the CO will probably authorize the noncom to detail some GI to do the job.

Dear YANK:

Just how far can we soldiers go in expressing our views on controversial questions? Now that a presidential election is coming up, GIs are being asked by lots of people and organizations to petition congressmen on legislation, etc., and to express our opinions to newspapers. We have bull sessions where we air our views pretty freely, yet our officers keep telling us we are not permitted to write those views to Congressmen or the press. So exactly how should we proceed, and what will happen to us if we say what we want to say regardless of Army regulations?

Italy —Cpl. GEORGE FRENCH

■ A soldier is permitted to express his own personal opinions to newspapers and periodicals concerning current questions, including legislation, but is forbidden by Army regulations to sign petitions directed to Congress or state legislatures on any subject or to express his opinions in writing to congressmen. For violation of these rules GIs may be tried and punished by court martial.



Dependency Benefits

Dear YANK:

My mother recently applied for a family allowance and they wrote back saying that she would have to prove that she was dependent on me for "chief support." What do they mean by "chief support" and how can she prove her dependence?

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Pvt. DANNY ECKER

■ "Chief support" means that more than 50 percent of a dependent's income is provided by the enlisted man. If more than half of your mother's income was, or is, provided by you, she should write to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Allowances Branch, 213 Washington Street, Newark, N. J., attaching to her letter signed statements attesting that fact and signed by two or more disinterested persons.

Dear YANK:

Before I was inducted, the girl I was going around with had a baby. While we aren't married, I still send her money to help support the child. Now my question is: Can I get a family allowance for that baby?

Camp Croft, S. C. —Sgt. A. R. C.

■ Illegitimate children are eligible to receive family allowances. Write to ODB (address above), acknowledging that you are the father of the child.

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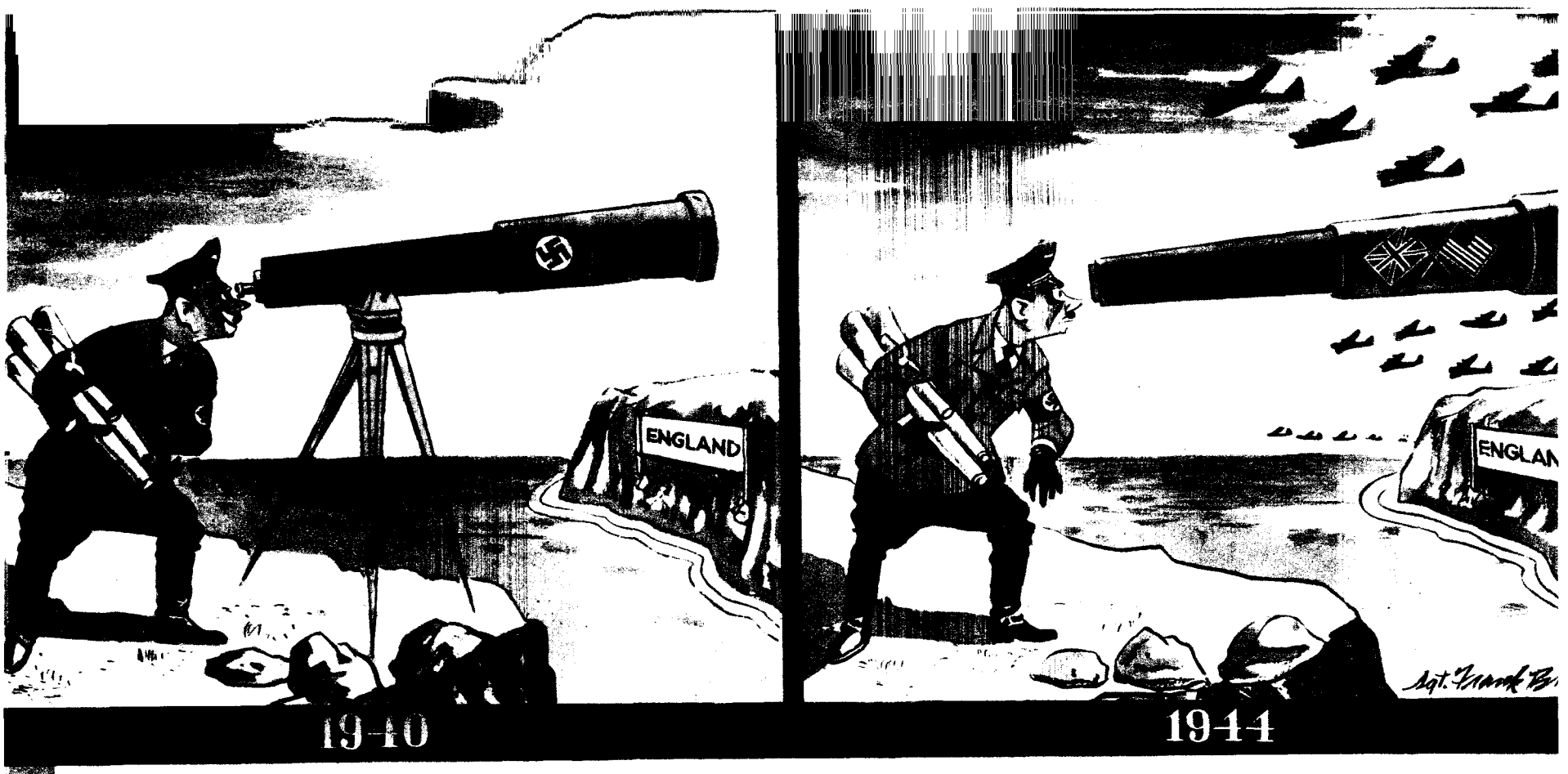

Army Casualties

STRICTLY G.I.

THE WD has announced that total Army casualties from Pearl Harbor to Dec. 23, 1943, were 16,831 killed, 38,916 wounded, 24,067 missing and 25,415 prisoners for a total of 105,229.

Army casualties for all theaters from Dec. 7, 1941, to Nov. 30, 1943, were also broken down as follows:

AREA	KILLED	WOUNDED	MISSING	PRISONERS	TOTAL
Asiatic	151	99	270	139	659
Central Pacific (Includes Hawaiian Islands)	352	435	5	1	793
European	1,704	1,610	2,951	3,790	10,055
Latin American	44	4	7	0	55
Middle Eastern	349	219	631	276	1,475
North African. (Includes Sicily and Italy)	6,840	21,619	2,797	6,478	37,734
North American (Includes Aleutians and Western Atlantic)	1,228	1,016	48	0	2,292
Philippines ...	1,092	1,720	15,309	13,494	31,615
South Pacific ..	1,823	5,105	357	5	7,290
Southwest Pacific	1,751	3,222	1,350	303	6,626
TOTAL, ALL AREAS..	15,334	35,049	23,725	24,486	98,594

Army Insignia

Although the WD had taken steps to revoke the licenses of civilian firms to manufacture and sell Army insignia [*Strictly GI*, Vol. 2, No. 5], a recent act of Congress now permits such firms to continue making and selling Army insignia. The "First Supplemental National Defense Appropriation Act, 1944" contains a provision that "no funds shall be devoted to the purpose of the cancelation of existing certificates of authority with respect to the manufacture and distribution of Army insignia."

Flying Fatalities

An OWI report on accidents sustained in the training of AAF personnel shows that 20 out of every 1,000 student pilots are now killed as against 13 in every 1,000 before the war. The rate of increase in accidents is most marked in combat training, where deaths have risen from 82 to 182 in every million flying hours. The following figures cover the wartime period:

Errors by pilots and ground crews have been responsible for 48 percent of all fatal accidents, while failure of equipment caused 12.4 percent. In 37.4 percent of the fatalities, the causes of the accidents could not be determined.

The primary trainer is the safest Army plane, the fighter the most dangerous and the light bomber next most dangerous.

About 27 percent of all fatal training accidents has been caused by collisions in full flight with objects other than airplanes, such as mountainsides, trees or telephone poles. Other prominent accident causes: spins and stalls without engine failure, 14.6 percent; collisions with other aircraft, 8.5 percent; take-off, 8.2 percent; forced landing, 5.8 percent; landing, 5.3 percent.

Nurses Get ODs

The QMC will issue two complete OD uniforms to Army nurses, physical-therapy aides and Medical Department dieticians in the U. S. and overseas theaters. The new uniforms include soft wool-lined heavy winter trousers tightly fitted at the ankles, a wool waist and wool knit cap. Nurses are also being issued new water-repellent, wind-resistant outer covers like the one the girl in the photo is struggling with. Army nurses are also getting swank ODs for leisure wear and dates (not with GIs), featuring cotton waists and trim tailored slacks of dark olive-drab wool barathea.

Bulletin Board

The Persian Gulf Service Command was promoted on the date of its first anniversary to the Persian Gulf Command, directly responsible to the WD and no longer under the jurisdiction of any other command.... The Central Defense Command of the continental U. S. has been consolidated with the Eastern Defense Command.... A new chapter for the benefit of airmen forced down at sea has been added to the "Survival" manual that is standard equipment in AAF parachute kits. Other chapters cover desert, jungle and arctic emergencies.... First Negro parachute unit in the Army, the 555th Parachute Infantry Company, is to be activated at Fort Benning Ga..

Washington O.P.

PRODUCERS of Army training films are getting this bit of WD advice: "Characters will be warm and human. An officer will not be represented as a stiff, unbending individual. Noncommissioned officers will not be portrayed as unintelligent or hard-boiled, nor will enlisted men be shown as awkward or cocksure unless the results of their actions directly contribute to the instructional value of the film. Conversation should be typical of the American soldier of today, who is a relatively well-educated individual." What was that you said, Joe?

The latest casualty list shows that generals have not been immune to death, capture or injury in this war. Twenty U. S. generals have died on active duty, 18 are prisoners of war, nine have been wounded and six are missing in action. Seven died in airplane accidents. . . . A new Ordnance baby, now operating in Italy, is the M8, an open-turret combination of the M5 light tank and the 75-mm pack howitzer.

In the future, air crew-training wash-outs will be returned in grade to their old Ground Force or Service Force branches, and to their old units whenever possible, instead of being sent to Air Force Reclassification Centers. . . . EM of the ASF attached to replacement training centers, who are back from overseas or from deactivated units, or have been found surplus in station complements, or have been rejected from OCS or ASTP, will now have a chance at additional training to qualify them for jobs which conform to their present grades or specialist ratings.

Chaplain (Maj.) John S. Garrenton, staff chaplain for the CBI wing of the ATC, did some blunt talking to Washington reporters: "A woman who has a husband overseas wading through hell, blood and sweat and is playing around with another man is the lowest thing I know of. The next lowest thing is the man who is running around with her."

Almost one-fourth of all students in institutions of higher learning in this country are from the armed forces. Civilian male enrollment has dropped 65.4 percent from the 1940 peak. . . . More than 19,000 seamen and officers serving on merchant ships have been awarded the Merchant Marine Combat Bar, established last May for service on a ship in direct combat action against the enemy.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

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Trinidad: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff, DEML.

Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bede.

Greenland: Sgt. Robert Kelley, Sig. Corps.

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●

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CAMP NEWS

Post-War Suggestion

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Cpl. William Morse, librarian here, wondered what would happen to all the books in camp libraries after the war. In a recent article in the *Amphibian*, camp newspaper, Morse suggested that rural libraries would give them a ready welcome.

Columbia University in New York City has written to Cpl. Morse, asking him for further ideas and information on the subject.

Art Critic

Camp Hood, Tex.—T-5 Erwin Schweig of the Hq & Hq Co., RTC, was working on a mural at the Officers' Club when a voice behind him said: "That's a nice job you're doing, corporal."

Annoyed at having someone looking over his shoulder while he worked, Schweig muttered an unintelligible reply and went on working. The voice continued: "That's a fine combination of colors you're using."

Cpl. Schweig turned around angrily. "I'm Gen. Hester," the self-styled critic said, holding out his hand. "What's yours?"

Anglo-Chinese Paper

Patterson Field, Ohio—Newest GI paper on this post is *Gung Ho*, a six-page mimeographed sheet printed in English and Chinese by members of the 407th Service Squadron.

Staff of this unique publication includes William J. Hoy as editor; Pfc. Paoling Deng, editor of the Chinese section, and Cpl. Yow R. Chinn, Cpl. James G. Jay, Cpl. Richard E. Gee, Pvt. Young Q. Ark, and Pvt. Woo K. Leung, editorial assistants.

How to Cash a Check

Richmond Army Air Base, Va.—A pilot from this base had a furlough check to cash and found that he had no dog tags or papers with which to identify himself. This fact presented a problem, until the paying teller suggested laundry marks.

The airman retired to a corner while a bystander read off the ASN figures on his shorts. The check was cashed.

Guardhouse Mystery

Fort McDowell, Calif.—A work crew at Blunt Point recently uncovered a headless skeleton and thus provided this post with a full-sized mystery. Amateur detectives and anthropologists have studied the bones, and the consensus is that the skeleton is that of a Spanish pirate who used Angel Island for a hide-out late in the 19th century.

The boys of the guardhouse erected a headstone for the skeleton, inscribed: "SOLDIER UNKNOWN."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp McCoy, Wis.—Sgt. John B. Harris, on a recent furlough, stopped in at the St. Louis (Mo.) *Globe-Democrat*, which he had served as a reporter. As he was talking to the city editor, a murder story broke. Without even being asked, Harris rushed out to cover the story.

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Pvt. Robert S. Hartman is in the Army for the third time since 1941. In January 1941 he enlisted in the National Guard from which he was shortly discharged because of a heart murmur. In November 1942, Hartman enlisted in the VOC but was honorably discharged. In April 1943, the draft got him.

Camp Wheeler, Ga.—Pvt. Delbert B. Herald of Co. A, 17th Bn, went to the Macon (Ga.) Recreational Center to arrange for a room for his wife and baby who were due to arrive the next day. Instead, he wound up with photographers taking his picture, speeches being made and a $25 War Bond being presented to him. It was all because he was the millionth soldier to enter the building since it opened in 1941.

Mountain Home Army Air Base, Idaho—Cpl. James E. Harris and Cpl. Raymond H. Greene found themselves with no money, no clean clothes and no credit. They contrived a washing machine made of four large cans attached to a criss-cross of sticks, a GI tub and an old wringer. After washing their clothes, they did such a thriving business with other GIs that now they can afford to send their own dirty clothes to the post laundry.

Drew Field, Fla.—Buddies of Pvt. Aloysius J. Poland feel that they have found at last the real reason for his dislike for movies. When picture shows at the base were free on Christmas Day, Pvt. Poland raced from theater to theater in an effort to catch them all. His only comment was: "Not bad. Not bad."

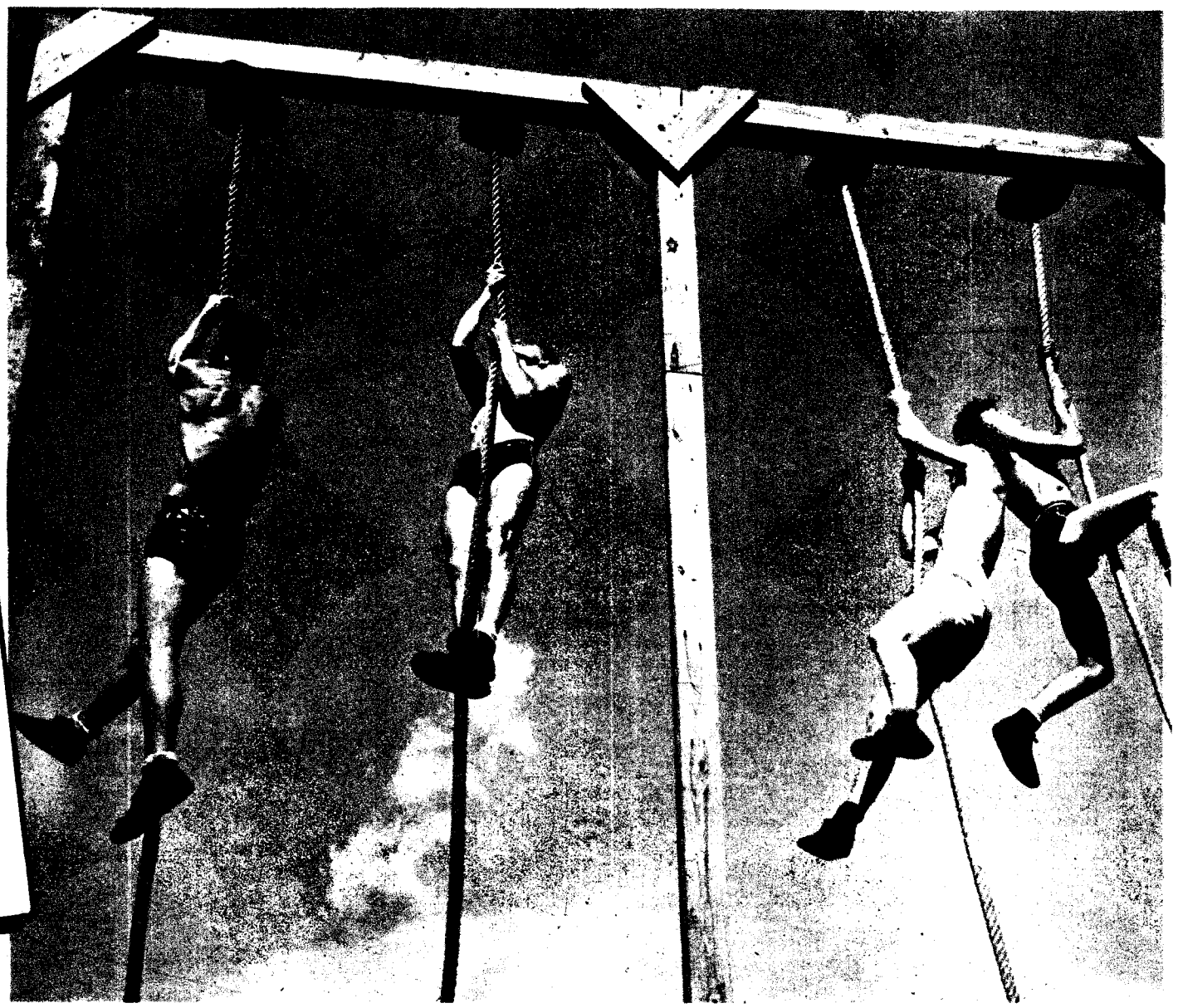
PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Shown on the right are the two pictures selected as first-prize winners in YANK's Camp News Picture Contest out of several hundred photographs submitted in the two classes of competition.

Class 1, for members of photo units and others engaged in similar work, was topped by the action photo of rope climbers taken by Cpl. James B. Kelley of the Base Photographic Department, Napier Field, Ala.

Class 2, for servicemen who take pictures for their own amusement, was led by the arty night shot of a sentry made by Pfc. Earl McBarnette of Hq. 1st Regt., IRTC, Fort McClellan, Ala.

A prize of a $25 War Bond is being sent to each man.



CLASS 1 FIRST PRIZE, $25 WAR BOND: CPL. JAMES B. KELLEY, NAPIER FIELD, ALA.

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Corporal De Luxe

Lincoln Army Air Base, Nebr.—Cpl. Reuben Anderson of the 610th Trng Bn virtually demoralized his barracks when he revealed something new in nightwear—a pair of emerald-green pajamas trimmed in yellow and bearing yellow corporal's chevrons.

Crowning touch was a nightcap equipped with a green and yellow tassel.

Fort Sill, Okla.—Pvt. Walter Agacinski of the 33d Bn wrote a new paragraph into the *Infantry Drill Regulations* recently. Drilling a section, he suddenly barked out: "About face." The marchers faltered, halted raggedly. There was a pause, then they followed his command and stepped off again. When an astounded sergeant was about to correct Pvt. Agacinski, the private casually asked him: "Hey, sarge, did I give that command on the wrong foot?"

Charleston Navy Yard, S. C.—1st Sgt. Walter N Jenkins has two reasons to remember Pearl Harbor. One is the sneak raid there by the Japs. The other is a more personal one. Mrs. Jenkins' name used to be Pearle Harbour.

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—Explaining that they were broke, Pfc. Jack Billman and Pvt. James Friend of the 1875th Unit ordered two cups of hot water from an amazed PX waitress. Then they brought forth two cans of C rations, opened them, dumped the cocoa in the hot water and began dunking hard biscuits.

Fort William Henry Harrison, Mont.—Odd names do not amaze members of the MP Bn here any more. Recently an MP had to find a GI named Alvin Bird Hat. A few days later, M/Sgt. Carroll B. Worcester went after another whose name was Frank Red Cherries. After that, a wandering GI named Harvey Buck Elk was brought in. When MPs were notified to go after Sydney Blue Dog, not a ripple of interest was left.

Camp Claiborne, La. T-4 Colan W. Henninger, the oldest man in the 83d Sig Co. here, proved that he mixed practicality with romance when he returned from his furlough a married man. He had married a widow with four children. Explained T-4 Henninger: "I have a right to catch up with other men my age. And, besides that, look at what an income I'll have."

Camp Stewart, Ga.—Cpl. Carroll W. Tornroth is an American born in China. His buddy, Pvt. Richard Tom, is a Chinese born in the U. S. Arguing about their comparative skills with chopsticks, they substituted knives in a contest over spaghetti. The contest was never finished. The mess sergeant put them both on KP for creating a disturbance in the mess hall.

Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa.—T-5 Matthew Connolly was married on his furlough recently. When he returned, he received his first box from his wife. It contained several large boxes of candies—and the bill for them.

Fort Benning, Ga.—Cpl. Eddie Carr asked Sgt. Soddy Haines to buy a Christmas present to be given to a married friend. Haines came back with a vegetable cooker. Then, at Carr's request, the sergeant wrapped the package in fancy paper. "I might as well deliver it for you," cracked Haines. Carr shook his head. "I'll take care of that," he said. "Here, Haines, and a Merry Christmas."

There's a need for interesting news items, pictures and features for these pages. Send yours in to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that they be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

STAR COLLECTOR. Jinx Falkenburg, movie actress, collected 41 insignias and emblems during camp tours. She's showing her bag to Pvt. Tommie Webster at B-24 Pilot Transition School, Tarrant Field, Tex.

ATC RECRUITS. Here's where a top kick turned mess sergeant. Mitzi, mascot of the 26th Transport Group at La Guardia Field, N. Y., has six new puppies, all males and all privates. She's been in the Army a year

FIRST OFFENDER. Sgt. Gilbatta B. Chiozza, an MP at Camp Callan, Calif., wrote his own ticket after being stopped by an officer for speeding in an auto and suggested his own punishment: restriction to post.

CLASS 2 FIRST PRIZE, $25 WAR BOND: PFC. EARL McBARNETTE, FORT McCLELLAN, ALA.

EXPERT TWINS. Pvts. Robert and Edmund Storms at Camp White, Oreg., both qualified as experts on the 81-mm mortar on same day, with scores a point apart: 288 and 287. Pvt. Oscar Lopez is with them.

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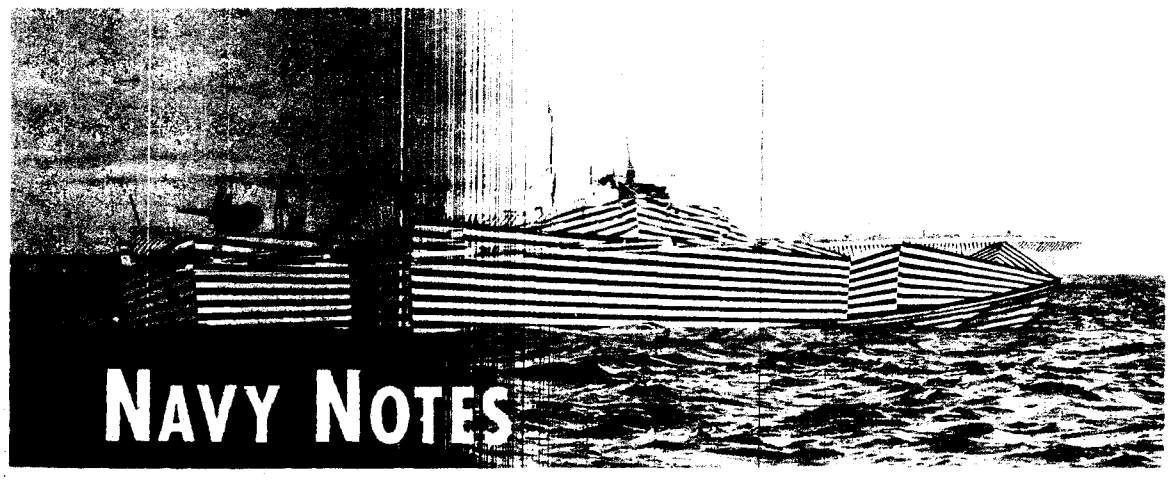


NAVY NOTES

Pictured above is a "Zebra" camouflaged Elco PT boat, all dressed up and with plenty of places to go.

NEW RIBBON. A new commendation ribbon has been authorized for all sailors and marines who have received letters of commendation since Dec. 6, 1941. The letters must be signed by the Secretary of the Navy or by the commander in chief of the U.S. Fleet, of the Atlantic Fleet, or of the Pacific Fleet. The right to wear the ribbon is accorded present holders of such letters, but future letters must specifically authorize the ribbon.

BLIMP QUOTA FULL. Vacancies in flight crews on Navy blimps are now filled. Nonpilot lighter-than-air training for enlisted personnel is closed except to certain aviation ratings and strikers who are already in lighter-than-air activities but who have not yet taken the training [*Circular Letter 279-43*].

BRITISH FLEDGLINGS. Approximately one-third of all British Fleet airmen are now being trained in the U. S., then being ferried to battle fronts on American baby flat-tops. Some graduates have been in action against the Germans in the North Sea, but many also expect to see action later against the Japs. The British flyers start their training at Grosse Isle NAS, Mich., transfer to Pensacola, Fla., then finish at either Brunswick, Maine, or Squantum, Mass.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION. Seabees at Empress Augusta Bay in the Solomons recently constructed a highway which they dedicated to "our very good friends and able protectors, the fighting Marines." Now there's a sign near the harbor which says:

"When we reach the Isle of Japan, with our caps at jaunty tilt,
We'll enter the city of Tokyo, on roads the Seabees built."

It's signed by a Marine raider battalion.

TWO QUOTES. "I believe that we never again will find a time when the Navy can be run without women."—Rear Adm. McIntire, surgeon general, addressing Waves.

"It is unwholesome to assume that the Japanese fleet is afraid to come out. It just does not suit them to come out right now. They have fanatical courage."—SecNav Knox, in Washington.

DISCHARGE DATA. The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery has just released statistics on medical discharges granted in the Navy during July and August 1943. Only mental and physical disabilities that existed prior to entry in the service are included. There were 6,354 discharges, approximately one-fifth of them for mental causes. The largest single physical illness was asthma (339), with stomach and duodenal ulcers second (279), and arthritis third (266). A surprisingly large showing was made by flat feet, which accounted for 232 separations from the service. . . . A previous OWI release stated that total Navy and Marine discharges from Pearl Harbor to Oct. 31, 1943, for all reasons were about 168,000. Of this number 46,961 men were given medical surveys and the rest were discharged for other reasons, mostly for being over age.

GOOD-WILL MISSION. Navy patrol bombers that fly over a small South Pacific island have developed a remote-control friendship with the natives who live there. To break the monotony of their lonely flights, the airmen started dropping candy and cigarettes on the island. The natives soon lost all timidity about showing themselves and now build huge notes out of stones and wood with messages like, "To those who sent his gifts to us thanks very much good idea and good lucks lots." The messages are changed each week and the air crews are so enthusiastic that they sometimes throw out their dungarees and skivvie shirts.

DREDGINGS. Bill Fox CM1c was nailing an asbestos roof on a South Pacific barracks when a sudden tropical storm came up and blew the roof off, with Fox hanging onto it. He buzzed the surrounding area at 20 feet while sailors ran for cover and finally cracked up on a mountainside 200 feet away, unhurt. . . . The 11th edition of the *Bluejacket's Manual* will be out soon with several hundred more pages and an alphabetical index. . . . Officers, who comprise about 10 percent of the Navy's personnel, suffer slightly more than 10 percent of all Navy casualties. In the Marine Corps and Coast Guard, officers suffer 8 percent of the casualties. . . . A Navy official says that the aerial camera provides 40 percent of all military intelligence.

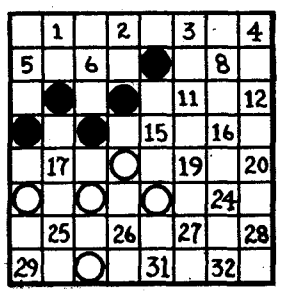
—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

STEP WORDS. I, IS, SKI, SILK, LICKS, SICKLE, SLICKER, TRICKLES.

CHECKER STRATEGY. White goes 18 to 15—the move that turns defeat to victory. Black must jump 10 to 19 to 26. . . . White jumps 30 to 23. Black moves either 7 to 10 or 7 to 11. . . . White moves 23 to 19, and the game is practically over. Black must now give up two checkers. White wins.

CHECKER STRATEGY



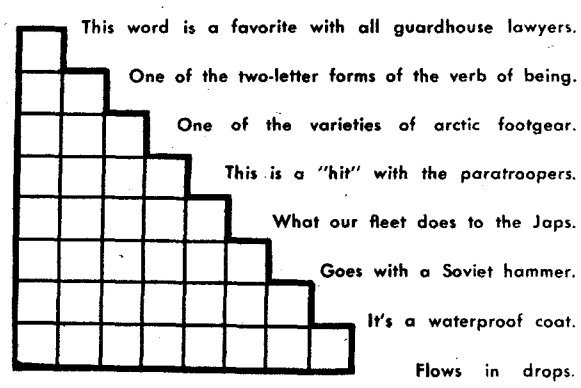
White to move—and it looks as if he hasn't got a prayer. If he makes either of what seems to be his only two logical moves—30 to 25, or 30 to 26—then Black would appear to have the game sewed up by replying with 7 to 11.

But there's a surprise. Rather than being at the short end of this deal, White has a cinch to win if he knows how to go about it. That's for you to figure out: White to move and win.

Before checking your analysis with the answer, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.

STEP WORDS

If you've ever played anagrams, this should be a push-over for you. The idea is to fill in the squares on each line with letters that will form the word defined on that line. If you take the letters on any given line, add an extra letter and shuffle them, you'll have the word that belongs on the line beneath.



The POETS CORNERED

FOR YOU AT VALENTINE'S

I set a candle burning in the wide
Deep casement window of my soul for you
At Valentine's, and there it shines beside
A world that holds an evening star to view
From iridescent windows of the sky:
The world is good and tells a wond'rous story
Of friends, of faith, of love that shall not die
But ever shine transcendent in its glory
So shines my candle with its rays far gleaming.
No night is dark when faith is near at hand;
Still shines the evening star, my heart is dreaming
The dreams that only lovers understand.
The simple faith that will establish love
On earth as Venus smiles her blessing from above.

Newfoundland —Sgt. LOTON ROGERS PITTS

THE FOXHOLE

It was a dark foxhole, dirty and wet and slimy.
Saki had left our foxhole,
Saki had to leave it;
But Saki was back, high above the clouds.
The drone of planes was faint,
The drone grew ever louder,
The drone swelled to a sickening roar:
Saki was dropping his bombs.
We sweated and hoped and said:
"Now is the time to pray."
But we didn't pray.
Then the roar stopped.
We were quiet: we waited and listened;
Saki was leaving, Saki was gone.
We crawled out of our foxhole,
We looked around and saw death
Gruesome and black everywhere.
Then we looked at our foxhole:
It wasn't a dark foxhole, dirty and wet and slimy;
It was a wonderful foxhole,
It was a beautiful foxhole.

South Pacific —Pfc. ARTHUR VAUPEL

A T-5's TRAVAIL

I have a buddy who wears two stripes,
A corporal, that's easy to see.
I have two stripes on the sleeve of my shirt,
But unfortunately mine have a "T."

We draw the same pay, and he's a swell guy,
One of the finest alive.
But he's a buck corporal, a line NCO,
And I'm just a goddam T-5.

Back home, on furlough, at dances and such,
The girls didn't know what "T" means.
But here in the Army he lives like a king,
While T-5s are scrubbing latrines.

My letters say "corporal," the same as my pal's,
And when we fall out to get paid
The exalted line noncom gets not one cent more
Than the lowly technician fifth grade.

Some day we both hope to better our rank,
And when this event comes to pass,
Let him be a sergeant with three great big stripes:
I'm bucking for private first-class.

Australia —T-5 ARTHUR M. ROSS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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POST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

FURLOUGH WITH IMOGENE

I will weave a magic cloak
Of words for you to wear. Invoke
Memories of exquisite yarns,
Finely spun in mental barns.
Drape you in a verbal dress.
I will clothe you in no less
Than a thousand words of praise.
Flowery thoughts will be your bouquets,
Threads of reason will sew up your hems;
I will give you witty gems,
Place them in your long, blond hair—
And that is all you'll have to wear!

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

"UNSUNG HERO"

The lights were low,
Sweet incense burned.
To the doll at his side
Pvt. Snafu turned,
As she drew near him
His arms were placed
As if by some magic
Around her waist.
Thrills ran through him
To his finger tips,
While a kiss he placed
On her ruby lips,
Sighing, she whispered
She was his to hold.
But now, my friends,
The truth must be told,
Because Snafu left quickly,
To her deep sorrow,
Saying: "My Good Conduct
Medal is due tomorrow!"

AAF, Coral Gables, Fla. —Cpl. S. P. GRAPMAN

We Are Not Amused

BEFORE this war goes a step further you and I want to make certain that one thing is clearly understood between ourselves and the ladies (God bless 'em). It is absolutely no part of our post-war plan to be a great help around the kitchen. When Sunday chitchat at the Service Club is running its customary stale course and the short brunette with the good legs gurgles wittily that come the peace Harry will make some woman a good wife—ladies, we are definitely not amused.

Many thousands of words have been spilled, like so many unshed tears, on that phase of Army life so misleadingly referred to as kitchen police, and although I am regretfully aware that the comic-strip view has robbed most comment on the subject of any semblance of veracity, I am not here pleading for a more realistic approach to the subject by observers of the military scene. No, KP is a time-honored springboard for gagsters; let it remain so for the duration, while the aching bones of millions of soldiers sag wearily, too weak to protest the ignorant ribaldry of those humorists who have never struggled from predawn to post-dusk with mountain-stacked, finger-scalding dishes, who have never toyed with the advisability of ending by sudden murder the maddening torment of the mess sergeant's tongue or the relentless buzzing of his gadfly KP-chasers.

No, let that be. After all, we do have a war to win, and it is probably easier to do so with the remains of thick beef stews cruising the intestinal canal. Let the sweating and the mopping and the crude jesting go on. First things first. A war to win and a peace to enjoy.

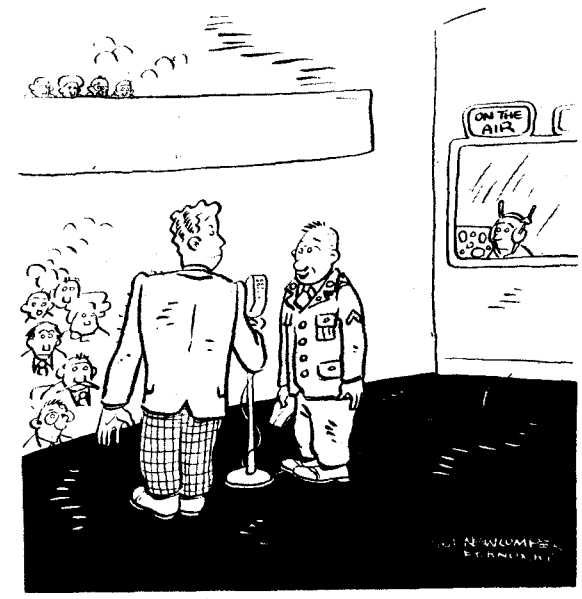
It is to safeguard that enjoyment and guarantee that peace that I am rallying all the theaters of operations to some unnamed day in your home. Hitler has been hanged, Tojo disemboweled and dinner eaten with the best of appetite. The sink is a pleasantly disordered sea of suds, salad, soup and stains. The guests have gone. The little woman and you have settled back into the two most comfortable chairs in the house, the second best your mustering-out pay has bought being none too good for her. "Darling," she will presently murmur, "darling, the dishes have to be done. Show me what they taught you in the Army. Pretend you're on KP."

In this initial crisis everything will depend on your swift and clear-cut reaction. I mean everything. All you hold dear. Freedom. Sunday ball games. Bowling at night. The sanctity of the home. Motherhood and the flag. All you went to war for. If you act decisively at this moment, if you dispose of the issue once and for all, it will never be necessary to break a dish against her ear.

Simply rise with quiet dignity and put on your brand new raglan, nonmilitary tweed coat. Without saying a word walk down to the corner clubroom where the boys are waiting for you before they order the first drink. Don't come back *until you are damned good and ready.* And never refer to the subject again.

Men, we can't begin a moment too soon. YANK is on our side. Now, today, clip this piece out and mail it to your wife. Establish a beachhead.

Fort Washington, Md. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON



". . . And how do you like civilian life?"
—Sgt. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.

GI Statistics

ONE man out of every two snores.

One man out of every three is no earbanger.

One man out of every four comes in after hours sober and quietly.

One man out of every five believes his superior officers deserve their ratings.

One man out of every six does not insist that he'd rather be anywhere in the world than where he is.

One man out of every seven fails to enter a barroom while on liberty.

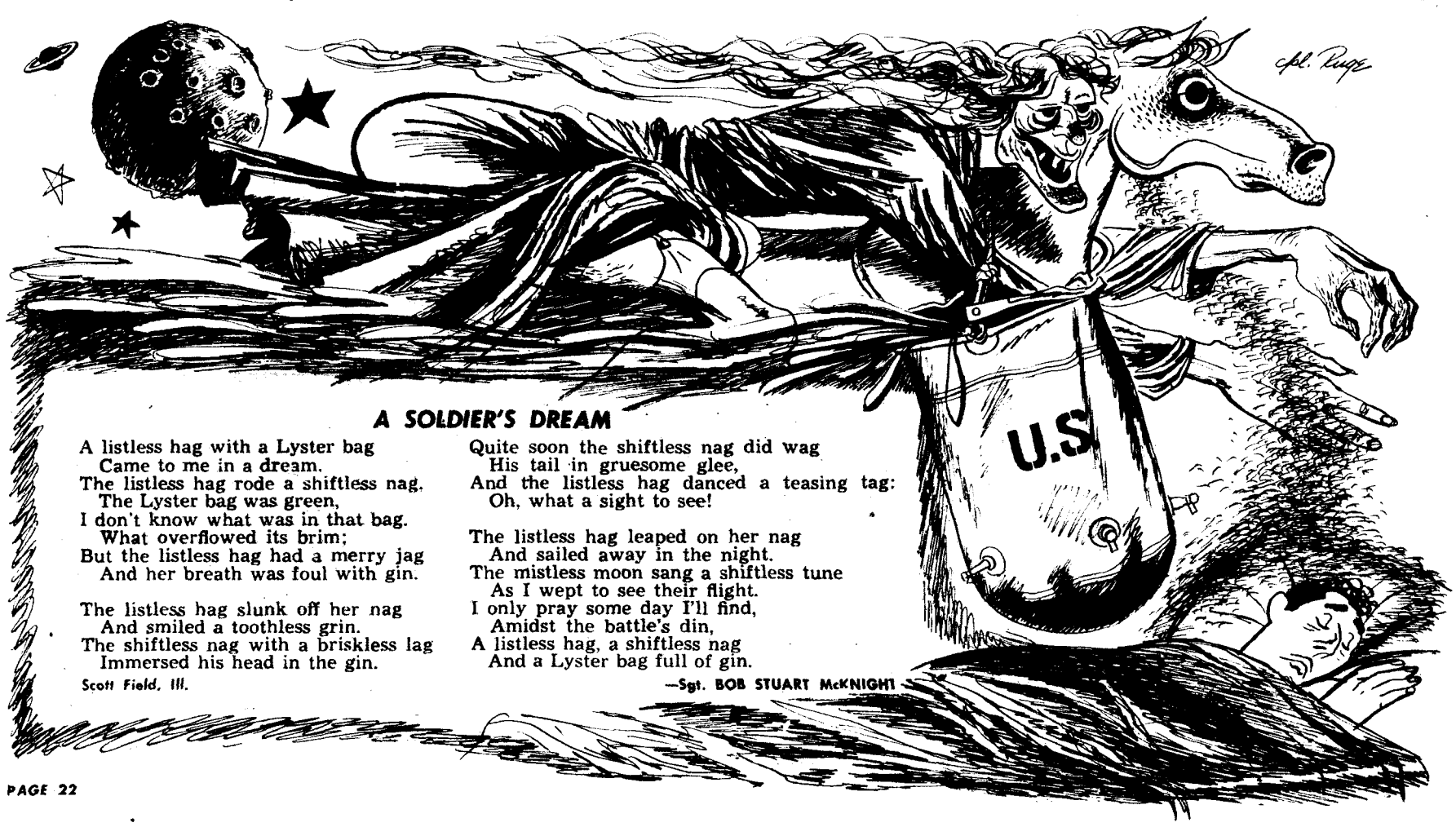
One man out of every eight is not broke before pay day.

One man out of every nine is actually entertained at a USO Center.

One man out of every 10 is honest enough to admit his lack of success with women.

One man out of every 50 flushes the urinal.

—HARRY A. FOX SK1c
U. S. Coast Guard, Gloucester, Mass.



A SOLDIER'S DREAM

A listless hag with a Lyster bag
Came to me in a dream.
The listless hag rode a shiftless nag.
The Lyster bag was green,
I don't know what was in that bag.
What overflowed its brim;
But the listless hag had a merry jag
And her breath was foul with gin.

The listless hag slunk off her nag
And smiled a toothless grin.
The shiftless nag with a briskless lag
Immersed his head in the gin.

Quite soon the shiftless nag did wag
His tail in gruesome glee,
And the listless hag danced a teasing tag:
Oh, what a sight to see!

The listless hag leaped on her nag
And sailed away in the night.
The mistless moon sang a shiftless tune
As I wept to see their flight.
I only pray some day I'll find,
Amidst the battle's din,
A listless hag, a shiftless nag
And a Lyster bag full of gin.

Scott Field, Ill. —Sgt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

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SPORTS: EX-PRISONER TELLS OF SPORTS IN JAP CONCENTRATION CAMP

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

WE WENT TO THE GUARDHOUSE WITH BELL, PREPARED TO BRING AWAY THE PIECES. BUT DARNED IF THEY COULD PIN HIM. HE THREW THE *SUMOS* ALL OVER THE MAT.

LATE one afternoon in 1942 at the Japanese concentration camp at Santo Tomas University, Manila, the imprisoned Americans gathered around the playing field to watch a soccer game between the American and British men. Suddenly there was a big commotion at the gate. The Jap guards, who had been leaning on their rifles watching the game, popped to attention and presented arms. A whole company of Jap soldiers marched onto the playing field and proceeded to drill alongside of the soccer players.

"We were so stunned at first we didn't know what to do," said Royal Arch Gunnison of the Mutual Broadcasting System, who returned on the *Gripsholm* after spending almost two years behind barbed wire at Manila and Shanghai. "But we decided we had to save face. You know how important that is out there. So we continued to play. The Jap officer deliberately marched his company as close to us as he could. In fact, he got so close that the soccer ball got tangled up in the feet of his men. You never saw such confusion. The Japs were stumbling and falling over each other. Then to make things worse, this officer gave the command: to the rear march. Honestly, it was just like a Bob Hope comedy, only funnier.

"You know how the Jap carries his helmet on his back. Well, when these guys started bumping into each other their helmets fell off, and every time one tried to pick up his helmet he would pick up the soccer ball instead. Finally the officer saw he was losing more face than we were, so he marched his men off the field. We were afraid of how the Japs might take that embarrassment, so we quit playing. When we stopped the Americans were leading. It was the first time we had beaten the British. But they kept insisting we had to bring in Jap ringers to do it.

"That incident might sound funny to you, but actually it was serious business. If we had laughed, as most of us wanted to, they would have punished us severely. The Jap humiliates easily.

"They were always doing things like that if they thought we were enjoying ourselves too much. Sometimes they would come out to a softball game and pick four or five men from each team and cart them off somewhere to dig ditches until the game was over."

Gunnison continued:

"Sports were practically our only form of entertainment at Santo Tomas. Everybody from the little children to the women played some sort of game. We even built special fields for them. We held our own Golden Gloves boxing tournament and one for the children, too. The Japs let us organize softball leagues, and we had 30 teams playing. Each community in the camp had its own team. Some of the names were funny, like East Shanty Town, Frog Bottom, Room 13 (that room had about 30 fellows crammed into it), the Manila Polo Club and the Pan-American Airways. They were divided into the American and National League and, of course, we had our own World Series. As I remember it, the Pan-Americans won the series.

"Speaking of the World Series, we got full reports on the 1942 series through our underground system in Manila. The people on the outside would pick up the game on the short wave and slip us the batteries and inning-by-inning scores through the fence. Somebody put up a blackboard behind the lost-and-found department and kept it up to date. The Japs never did catch on. They thought it was the score of one of the games we were playing.

"As far as I know we played the Japanese in the first softball game between enemy teams in this war. The captain of the guard at the Shanghai camp was nuts about softball, and he watched us play every time he had the opportunity. One day he came over to me and said: 'Hey, *Gun San*, someday we play softball?'

"We stalled and tried to prevent the game, because we knew so many things could go wrong. But he kept insisting, so the game was scheduled. Everybody turned out including all the big shots from the Embassy and the Army.

"Before the game started we noticed that the Jap pitcher was warming up with an overhand delivery. Since I was one of the prison committeemen, the fellows said it was my duty to go over and tell him this was a softball game not baseball. I got the interpreter and we both tried to show the pitcher how to throw the ball with an underhand motion. He tried it once or twice and then said to Japanese: 'The hell with it.'

"As it turned out it didn't make any difference whether this Jap threw overhanded or not. We walloped the daylights out of him and scored 27 runs in the first inning. After the inning was over I got the team together and told them we had better throw the game and let the Japs save face.

"Well, it got so funny that everybody on the side lines, except the Japs of course, nearly choked while trying to keep from laughing. We dropped balls, muffed easy grounders and stumbled all over ourselves. But they still couldn't make it an even ball game. We even tried applauding every time one of them hit the ball or scored a run. We only applauded twice, though, because after the seventh inning the score was 28 to 2.

"Then the captain of the guard called time. He came over to me and said: 'Hey, *Gun San*, I think more better we do not keep score. I think more better we play for sportsmanship.' That saved face for everybody including the umpire who was a Dutchman. This Dutchman was sweating plenty. He knew if he called a close one wrong, the Japs would ask his name, number and nationality, and when they discovered he was Dutch they would give him hell. The Japs really hate the Dutch.

"That softball game was practically the only contact in sports we had with the Japanese except for a wrestling match. We had a big fellow with us, a guy named Chris Bell, who was 6 feet 2 and the rocky sort. He used to be a lumberman in Shanghai. The Jap guards were having a wrestling tournament at the guardhouse and they wanted Bell to come down and wrestle one of those huge *sumo* men. These *sumos* weigh about 300 pounds and are very agile. We tried to duck the challenge, but it was no use. They insisted. Anyway, Bell said he would like to take them on. We went to the guardhouse with him fully prepared to bring away the little pieces. But darned if they could pin him. He threw the *sumos* all over the mat. In fact, it became so one-sided that Bell had to make it look good and let them save face.

"After that the Japs always treated Bell with great respect. Every time they saw him they would pat him on the back and say: 'Bell, you plenty big man.'"

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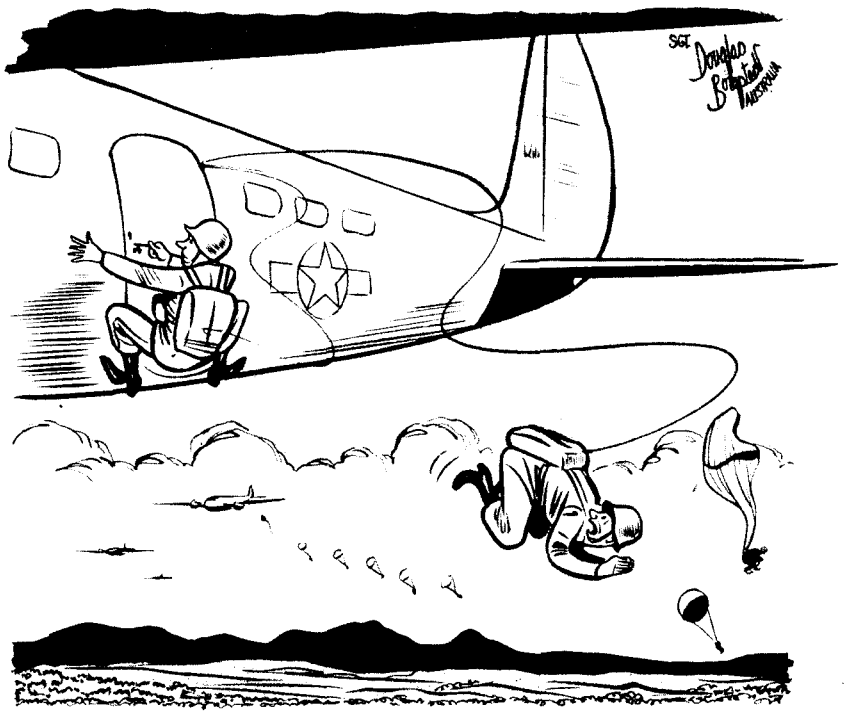
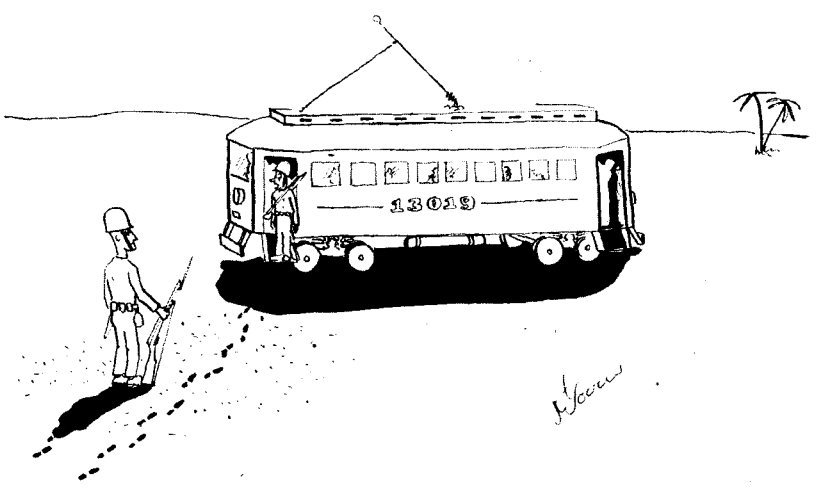


"LAST MAN OUT JUST CLOSES THE DOOR, MURPHY. NEVER MIND LOCKING IT." —Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



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—Pvt. R. Govus

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